

CORONET

EMBER

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I LIKE BEING A SECOND WIFE:

provocative, personal experience story you shouldn't miss . . . page 14

CORONET

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1944



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Articles

Meet "Bing," the Chinese GI . . .	GEORGE H. JOHNSTON	14
I Like Being a Second Wife . . .	ANONYMOUS	19
Cleanup Man for the AMG . . .	JOE FROMM	24
Must We Be Glum? . . .	CHANNING POLLOCK	31
Season of Snake Winds . . .	IVAN T. SANDERSON	34
Father of the Wolfe Pack . . .	MAJOR COREY FORD AND CAPTAIN ALASTAIR MAC BAIN	41
A Gallery of Thieves . . .	GEORGE WISWELL	46
Music Works for Alfred Newman . .	SIDNEY CARROLL	51
Get Wise to Your Sulf! . . .	DR. H. L. HERSCHENSOHN	71
No Sympathy, Please . . .	CHESTER MORRISON	77
U. L. Plays It Safe . . .	ALLAN CARPENTER	82
Hollywood Leg Man . . .	DORA ALBERT	91
Skyway to Russia . . .	CAPTAIN RICHARD NEUBERGER	96
Wilson Mizner: Ace of Knives . .	ARCHIE MC FIEDRIES	117
Adventure by the Ton . .	LT. COMDR. SAM HOULDER	120
Toothaches Ago . . .	M. F. K. FISHER	122
Unsung Troupers of the USO . . .	PAUL KEARNEY	127
Sleuths in Sheep's Clothing . . .	J. MURRAY DAVIS	131
Class of '00 . . .	MARTIN GUMPERT	132
The Naughty Note . . .	ROBERT FONTAINE	161
Our Little Trains . . .	ARCHIE ROBERTSON	163
Noisemaker DeLuxe . . .	JOHN REDDY	

Features

Out of This World . . .		8
Grin and Share It . . .	EDITED BY IRVING HOFFMAN	44
Picture Story: The Miracle of Moscow .	JOSEPH DAVIES	55
Going the GI Rounds . . .		81
Five Personalities: Brown Americans .	WALTER WHITE	85
Picture Story: Chicago Stadium . . .		101
Coronet Game Book Section . . .		135
Special Feature: Untitled . . .	NORMAN CORWIN	141
Feature: Beyond the Shroud . . .	DALE CLARK	151

Cover Girl Dolores Parker, the cover girl with the lovely blonde mane and fresh young face, is just anticipating her 16th birthday. Mornings she grinds away at lessons in the public high school. Afternoons, under the magic wand of Pagano, who took this picture, she emerges a model. Sure she's a Frank Sinatra fan and she grabs every spare minute to perfect her rumba. As for the war effort, most teen-agers invest heavily in war stamps—and that's a conscientious part of Dolores' program.

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4
 TON 9
 OUS 14
 MM 18
 CK 24
 ON 31
 ND 36
 KIN 36
 LL 41
 LL 46
 IN 51
 ON 71
 ER 77
 AT 82
 ER 91
 ES 96
 117
 R 120
 Y 122
 S 127
 T 131
 E 132
 N 161
 Y 163
 8
 44
 55
 81
 85
 101
 135
 141
 151
 the
 an-
 way
 the
 rges
 abs
 war
 nps
 um.
 . 97
 ent;
 al
 ago,
 ons,
 in-
 by
 rial
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The G.I. Joe of China is called *bing*. He gets less than a dime a day; but he's worth a million when it comes to fighting morale!

Meet "*Bing*" the Chinese GI

by GEORGE H. JOHNSTON

TO AMERICANS, *bing* means Crosby; but to the Chinese, *bing* means soldier—the kind of soldier who doesn't get mention in the usual terse, factual communiques from the war fronts in China. Those communiques make no mention of the superlative courage of the peasant kids who have fought a jungle campaign for four unbroken months and driven one of the best divisions of the Imperial Japanese Army for a hundred bloodsoaked miles down a tangled Burmese jungle trail. So let me try to fill in a few gaps in the communiques and pay my tribute to China's equivalent of the doughboy—the Chinese G.I. Joe.

He's a short, stocky little fellow. He stands about five feet three and weighs around 110 to 120 pounds. He wears a peaked cap of cloth or a flat steel helmet of the old style, a light khaki shirt, and either shorts or baggy slacks tucked into rolled knee-high puttees that make his short legs look like drainpipes. He's always singing, grinning or joking, and the most commonly heard remark in the Burmese jungles today is his exultant "*Ting hao!*" which

can be literally interpreted as "Everything is swell!"

So it is. He likes winning, for a change. Five years of retreating and losing and being licked all along the line didn't make him very happy. He thinks it's kind of nice to be shoving the Jap back—and licking him—just for the novelty of the thing. He comes, probably, from the ricefields of Szechwan or Hunan, China's famous Rice Bowl. He's supposed to have an average age of 21, but medics say that's too high. There are so many who are 16 or 17, despite the fact that conscription doesn't apply until they're 18; many even have proved to be 12 and 13! He volunteers for active service anywhere outside China, so the *blings* under Stilwell's command represent a picked volunteer army. They're in for the duration, and quite happy about the prospect.

If the *bing* is a private he receives roughly eight rupees a month. That means two dollars and 50 cents—not quite a dime a day. Most of his food, uniforms and equipment are supplied by the British; his weapons by the Americans. His standard diet

is rice and bully beef. To that he adds, with canned seaweed captured from the Japs, wild vegetables which he finds in the jungles, fish which he obtains in the mountain streams. It isn't quite true that he is happy to be down in the Burmese jungle simply because he is better fed than ever before in his life. Usually he comes from a rich and fertile province and he will not hesitate to tell you: "I would rather go back to China and eat many vegetables and *good rice*."

He likes companionship and loves the little extras of equipment, particularly if they happen to be American. He will be overwhelmingly appreciative of a gift of an unwanted knife, a pair of sun-goggles or a rusty piece of insignia. He is becoming rather intolerant of any cigarette that isn't a recognized American brand.

He dotes on wristwatches. Most of the *bings* have bought cheap watches at the native bazaars in Ledo, paying anything from a month's to six months' pay for a timepiece that rarely runs.

There he is—the Chinese *bing*, with his simple love of life, an enormous sense of humor, and more guts than most soldiers in this war.

A NASTY NIGHT, a noisy night, a night of humid tropic blackness and the sounds of the jungle drowned by other sounds, a night laced with silver ribbons of tracers and searing orange bursts of mortar bombs, a night for men to sweat and shrink and press more closely against the unyielding earth.

Tommyguns coughed and roared as the green-uniformed, mud-caked Americans fanned out to cover the

painful, panting, laborious withdrawal of their wounded. Behind, where the Chinese were already dug in, came the swift *crump-crump-crump* of supporting mortars. And then a new, incongruous sound drifted into the din of the battle. The laughter and jabber of men, a burst of quarter-tone song in a high-pitched falsetto, the *cling-clang-clang-clang* of kitchen utensils banging together.

From the black caverns of the jungle came a strange cavalcade, trotting across the shallow ford. Over each man's shoulder a long curved shaft of bamboo on which, at each end, dangled and swung a black camp boiler. Steam curled from the hot rice in the boilers. Bullets spat into the water. The Chinese kitchen-boys splashed ahead blithely. The Japanese fire faltered, coughed unsteadily for a moment and petered out.

The Americans had seen it happen before, but they scratched their heads in amazement at the good humor, the detachment, the disregard of danger of these *bings*, these kitchen-boys who splay-footed straight into the middle of a jungle battle—merely to bring up to their frontline troops the rice that had been boiled two miles away.

The Yanks moved out thankfully after 48 hours of nerve-racking fighting. The interchange of comment, greeting, badinage was the orthodox doubletalk of this strange Burma jungle campaign: "*Hao pu hao? . . . Ting hao!*" (You take over from here, feller.) "*Ting kwa-kwa . . . Japanee pu hao—ting pu hao!*" (Japanee no goddam good!) "*Ting hao!*" Laughter, chuckles, the clang of rice tins, the flutter of machine-

gun fire behind the ford, the splash of weary feet across the river.

The bulk of the Hukwang-Mogaung Valleys campaigns has been fought by two Chinese infantry divisions: the famous 38th which has fought almost all the way from Shanghai to Burma; and the less battle-scarred but incredibly tough 22nd. They were supported by the hard-fighting jungle force known as Merrill's Marauders (all American volunteers), and a Chinese tank group. There are many other bits and pieces under Vinegar Joe Stilwell's command—a few British troops, Gurkhas, Kachin levies, Burmese, a variety of technical units—but the backbone of his force is the Chinese *bing*.

One of the things General Stilwell has done most convincingly—and he has done many things convincingly—has been to prove beyond dispute that the Chinese soldier, given training, leadership, food and weapons, can rank as a fighter with any man in the world.

It was two years ago that the Chinese 38th and 22nd Divisions were first fighting in Burma under Stilwell's command. The 38th should have been a good division: it had fought bitterly with poor equipment at Shanghai and battled its way back across the plains and mountains of China. By the time it reached Burma it was probably one of the most battle-seasoned divisions in China's Army. And when the Japanese poured through and smashed our lines and drubbed the daylighters out of us in Burma, it was the 38th that hammered through the Japanese lines to save an encircled British regiment near the Yenangyuang oilfields.

The 38th was driven out of Burma, but it marched on to the Imphal Plain in fine shape, with good discipline, ready to fight again. The 22nd, to the northward, was hammered and beaten not by the Japanese alone, but by the terrain and lack of food. It came out through the northern mountains of the Patkai Range, ragged, motley, starving, leaving many dead behind. But it, too, was ready to fight again.

In command of the 38th was Lieutenant-General Sun Li-jen, American-educated, polished. The other day I talked to him in his forward tent, with Japanese 150mm shells falling in the jungle ahead, to our right and behind us.

Sun whittled a stick as he droned on in his Southern accent, occasionally looking up quizzically when an unusually heavy thunderclap of shellfire struck ahead of us and set the hanging vines of the jungle swinging like gallows-ropes.

I commented on the cheerfulness of his troops in action, going up to the line, returning from the front with smashed bodies. He nodded. "They are okay," he said quietly. "They are happy. It is nice to be pushing the Japs back." An engineer by profession, Sun now has the right to wear British, American and Chinese gallantry decorations; he doesn't wear them, nor any badges of rank. At the age of 44 he has been wounded 11 times, still has two solid chunks of shrapnel inside him.

Sitting with us was the commanding general of the 22nd, whose troops were attacking behind Chinese tanks. Major-General Liao Yao-hsiang doesn't talk much. He

obtained his military education in the famous French military academy of St. Cyr, and speaks English with a strong French accent.

The incongruity of the most incongruous campaign of the war was crystallized for me in that moment as we sat beneath an American-made parachute rigged as a tent in the Burmese jungle listening to a Chinese general speaking English with a French accent! Above the trees our fighter-bombers were droning. "My men never look up now when they hear a plane in the sky," said Sun. "That is strange. In China, all these years, and in Burma last year, we always looked up, they were always Japanese planes. Now they are always American planes. This is very good for morale."

MORALE IS GOOD. I can vouch for that. And so is discipline. Most of the Chinese officers are young professional soldiers, keen and intelligent. They are attached to divisions that are almost the cream of the Chinese Army—the Americans have given these troops everything they lacked before—and their pride is boundless. Morale is *fighting* morale. There are no palliatives for war-weariness. Recreational facilities don't exist, although the *bings* have their endless guessing games and occasional visits to the American jungle movies.

Although the Chinese idea of sanitation is sometimes primitive, their personal cleanliness is something to marvel at. They will never lose an opportunity to strip down and assiduously scrub themselves with soapy lather. They'll make an attack, drive the Japs from a river,

send in a reconnaissance party to sweep the opposite bank, and then rip their clothes off and splash merrily until the layers of battle grime are removed . . . What little disease there is stems generally from an earlier vitamin-deficiency.

Chinese youngsters with no previous mechanical experience have proved skillful and courageous tank operators in these tangled valleys. Yet, it is difficult for the run-of-the-mill *bing* entirely to appreciate mechanical warfare. His traditions, his environment, his way of life have built up the firm belief that there is nothing a machine can do that men can't do with their hands and muscles and feet—if there are enough men. And China actually never has suffered a manpower shortage.

A packhorse can carry 200 pounds of stores in this jungle. With the use of the inevitable bamboo pole a Chinese soldier can carry 160 pounds: and there are many more soldiers than packhorses. I have often seen mules struggling up a steep and slimy mountain trail, with the Chinese pushing the animals from behind to assist them. I have seen Chinese piling mules' loads on their own packs and carrying them to the peak of bad stretches.

The Chinese Army is probably the fastest army on foot in the world—faster even than the Japanese. The *bing* normally carries pack and equipment weighing 65 pounds, with the average weight of the *bing* himself a mere 115! But as he moves forward his pack inevitably becomes heavier. He is an inveterate hoarder. He will chuck nothing away, he will never neglect to

salvage anything he happens to find on the trail that he thinks "might come in handy later."

Even in a desperate crisis he will cling to his equipment, and he will retain his rifle until Gabriel blows his horn. The cardinal sin in the Chinese Army is the loss of a weapon—China has learned the value of a weapon the hard way—and a man may be court-martialed and shot for returning from an operation without his rifle. In the tough country of Burma loss of material has been comparatively slight unless the soldier has been killed.

Now, about that foot-speed. Divisions have averaged 32 miles a day through thick Burmese jungle and over mountains—with no gripes. In China last May the Chinese 30th Army established a record that no other army in the world could match, typifying the Chinese capacity to endure incredible hardships. The famine had swept Honan, and in the Hupeh Ricebowl battle had

been joined between the Chinese and Japanese. The 30th was marching to relieve sorely pressed columns. For the first 15 days of its march, the 30th averaged 33 miles a day, in one day crossing 74 mountain streams, often climbing peaks up to five thousand feet in height. For the last three days the 30th adopted forced marches, covered 150 miles in three days! It then had three hours of rest, and went into battle.

You can accept some stories you hear when people say the *bing*s can't fight. They *can't* fight if they haven't got the things with which to fight. But don't believe anybody who tells you they *won't* fight. My own beliefs are admirably summed up in the words of a man who has lived in China for many years: "If China has 10 years of peace after this war, 10 years without internal revolution, 10 years of Western aid, you will see the greatest nation in the world arising. Because China has the greatest human material in the world."



Spies at Work

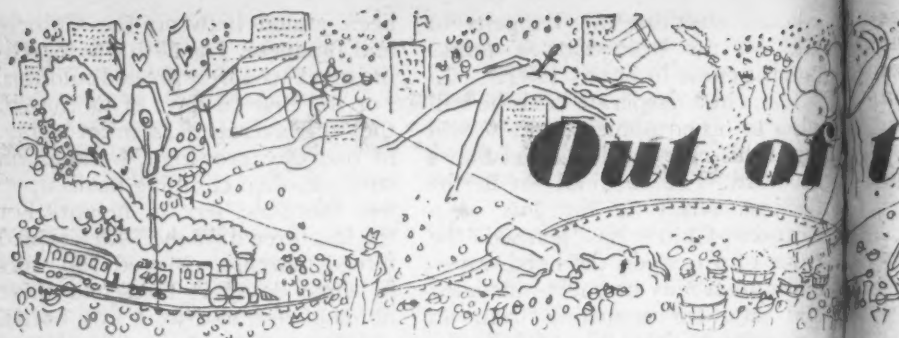
SOME YEARS AGO TOM HOWARD, the comedian, burlesquing the role of a secret agent in a musical comedy, wore a cap bearing the conspicuous legend, "Spy." The Japs, in their literal and humorless fashion, may have borrowed the idea. At any rate, according to Arthur Clapper of Milwaukee, a wounded veteran of the battle of Buna, the jungle natives employed by the Japanese as spies make no effort to disguise their identity.

"They will walk into camp," says Clapper, "and in their limited English blandly announce, 'Me Jap spy.' Our soldiers, of course, take great delight in stringing such natives.

"'Okay,' one will respond with exaggerated seriousness. 'You go back tellum we got 15 thousand men and two hundred tanks.'

"'I tellum,' the spy nods cheerfully, as he turns and trots back toward the Jap-held jungle."

—Quote (MAXWELL DROKE)



It's a wide world and an interesting one and the material about its people and happenings is apt to crowd an editor out from behind his desk. Therein lies his dilemma: how can he give his readers the cream of the current crop of articles in the least space? Answer: by condensing the best of them into six pages of capsule reading which you should find brief, to the point and memorable.



THE MARINE SERGEANT leaned back against the railing at the bus stop in front of the Navy Annex in Arlington. On his left sleeve, high up on the shoulder, was the Guadalcanal blaze. The sergeant's other sleeve was empty. A cigaret burned unnoticed in his fingers.

Another marine, a private fresh from boot camp, stood to one side of the sergeant, watching him, wondering whether he dared go up and talk to him.

A marine captain came down the concrete steps from the Annex yard. The sergeant didn't notice him. He was staring down across the road toward the Cemetery.

When the captain drew abreast

of the sergeant he stopped. Finally the sergeant noticed him out of the corner of his eye; the cigaret dropped from his fingers, he straightened from the railing, came to a salute with his left hand.

The captain returned the salute, and the sergeant remained at attention, his eyes on the horizon above the rows of graves across the road.

"Sergeant," the captain said. His voice was sharp and crisp. "How long have you been in the service?"

"Twelve years, sir."

"I shouldn't have to remind you of these things then," the captain said. "Keep away from that railing. If you haven't the strength to stand up in public, stay in your barracks." He looked the sergeant over. "Shine your shoes before you come out of barracks. Button that shirt pocket. That's all, sergeant."

"Yes, sir," the sergeant said, saluting. The captain returned it, then wheeled and walked on.

"Why, that lousy so and so," the boot said, coming up to the sergeant. "Couldn't he see that emblem on your shoulder? And that empty sleeve? Who does he think he is, anyhow? Why—"

The sergeant whirled fiercely. "Shut your mouth, boot," he



of this World

said. "What do you know about . . . about . . . about anything? Why shouldn't I stand up like a marine? Why shouldn't I keep my shoes shined, and my pockets buttoned? Ain't I just as good a man as the rest of them? And who does he think he is? I'll tell you who he is. If it wasn't for him I'd a been surveyed out of the service like any other bum, or sitting over in some hospital with a bunch of sob sisters pawing over me." A kindly expression came over his face as he looked at the young consternation on the boot's face. "You'll learn. Well, here's my bus. Got to get over to the barracks and get cleaned up."

And the sergeant crossed the walk and swung into the bus.

—JOHN FAULKNER



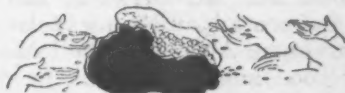
NOT ALL of Uncle Sam's post offices have been named with solemn ceremony and a flourish of trumpets. In Lincoln County, West Virginia, the inhabitants of a small hamlet once wrote to Washington for a place to receive their mail. Consent came through in due time,

but the department insisted on knowing the name.

"We don't care what you call it," the applicants answered, "only we want a post office."

And so the department took a phrase from the letter, and to this day that little West Virginia post office is known as "Wewanta."

—JAMES ALDREDGE



KARAMU IS A WORD in the Swahili dialect of East Africa meaning "place of enjoyment." A distinguished colored educator bestowed the name 16 years ago on a group of antiquated buildings which Cleveland up to then had called just "the play house." In the heart of Cleveland's vast Negro slum, Karamu today has become much more than a local center for Negro culture and opportunity. Its work and influence are felt today in every city of the nation.

Now it happens that each year Karamu presents a children's Christmas play. But one year the leading lady was jailed for stealing coal. It was already too late to ob-

tain her release. Russell Jelliffe, director of Karamu, had to tell his audience the show was off. Admission was three cents—for those who had it. "I'll pass among you with the bag of pennies," he announced. "Anybody who paid three cents tell me so and I'll give it back. When I'm finished I should have exactly nothing and every child should be repaid." It worked out precisely so.

Afterwards, a white minister in the audience shook Jelliffe's hand. "I could never have gotten away with that in my church," he said.

—JOSEF ISRAELS II



FRED MACMURRAY is an ardent fisherman and an excellent marksman. Always on the lookout for good hunting grounds, he discovered a choice place while on location for *The Texas Rangers*, in which he played the role of a Western bad man. So shortly after completing the picture, he set out with a friend on a hunting trip.

Upon arrival, the two split up to cover the territory. But the hunter was being hunted. Fred found himself looking down the barrel of the local sheriff's gun. Despite vigorous protests, he was "cuffed" and driven to the town's bastille.

At first Fred thought he was the butt of some joke, but after an hour in the cell he failed to appreciate it. Presently a small group of men entered, inspected Fred and without a word departed. In a few minutes they reappeared and apologized.

The sheriff, they explained, was not too bright. It seemed that the town wit had given him a poster which he had found tacked on a tree at the location where *The Texas Rangers* company had worked.

It was a picture of Fred, captioned WANTED FOR MURDER—\$1,000.00 REWARD.

—ROLAND HILLIARD ASHTON



IT WAS GOOD FRIDAY, 1924. At a Chicago fire station, Fireman Francis X. Leavy was busy at the most disagreeable of tasks—window-washing. When the alarm bell suddenly began its urgent clangor, Leavy leaped from the window ledge, leaving the pane still wet.

"Curran's Hall is ablaze!" somebody shouted into his ear. When the truck arrived on the scene, Curran's Hall was indeed an inferno of flames. A few minutes later, an entire wall collapsed.

Eight firemen, including Leavy and his comrades, were crushed to death.

Later, at the station house, a new crew of firemen listened horror-stricken to a survivor of the company—the man who stayed to watch the fire house—as he told of the men's last words and actions before they roared away to their deaths.

"Leavy was doing the windows. See, there's his bucket—still on the floor. And the window half-washed like he left it."

One fireman glanced closer at the pane and his face turned deathly

pale. "Good Lord!" he shouted. "Leavy's handprint—just as plain as day."

The others gathered round. Sure enough, a perfect imprint of Leavy's hand had been retained on the glass. Faces grew glum. Men looked at each other uncomfortably.

The captain frowned. This was no good for morale. Without a word, he snatched up the bucket and sponged over the handprint. His frown deepened. The print didn't even blur. Steaming hot water and strong cleaning solutions were tried to no avail.

Twenty years later the handprint still remains—a kind of monument to those who died that disastrous Good Friday. Neighbors who know its history call it the "Handprint of Death." —R. T. DAVIS



I WAS ESCORTING a young 17-year-old girl to our first radio broadcast. Both of us were quite taken with a distinguished-looking individual who stood in back of the master of ceremonies.

"Who do you suppose he is?" my companion whispered.

"I don't know," I answered, quite as impressed as she.

"Could he be the sponsor?"

I thought not and said so.

"Possibly a guest star," she suggested.

His well-cut clothes and dignified air made this idea plausible, and I nodded in agreement.

Then the broadcast began.

"Here comes Colonel Bain-

ridge," announced the master of ceremonies. There were sound effects of someone approaching on horseback. At that point, the distinguished gentleman stepped up to the microphone—and neighed.

—FREDERICK LAING



AROUND THE TURN of the century, Chicago's elite, bent on raising money for some charity, invited a well-known Englishman to give an address on the Boer War from which he had but recently returned. The city's Irish found this too good an opportunity to miss, and in good-natured anticipation of a heckling session, filled the gallery to the roof.

The speaker, a young man of 26, mounted the platform, picked up a pointer and without more ado addressed himself to a large map of South Africa. His discourse had proceeded but a few moments before the audience began to register intense embarrassment at his painful speech impediment. The feeling soon passed, however, as they became absorbed in what he had to say. But the Irish boys, remembering what they had come for, commenced to boo.

The speaker waited for the disturbance to cease and again proceeded. More boos followed, and another halt. Then turning to the gallery the speaker shouted, "In this desperate situation, the Dublin Fusiliers arrived, the trumpeters sounded the charge and the enemy was swept from the field."

The lads in the gallery cheered.

And whenever there was the slightest sign of impatience from that quarter, the Dublin Fusiliers would magically appear and retrieve the situation.

When the lecture was finished, the Irish cheered loudest of all—for a great regiment and for the competent and quick-witted speaker whose name was Winston Churchill.

—GEORGE GIBSON



THERE IS BUT ONE thing more confounding than a Chinese drama, and that is a Chinese audience. I recall an evening in Shanghai at the packed closing of Mei-Lan-Fan's appearance at the Crystal Palace Theatre.

My martyred European escort and I occupied two stools set in the aisle of the dress circle. One was tall with a top of polished maple and the other was squat like a keg and made of porcelain. We roosted thereon for six hours.

Despite congestion every person's lap was filled with cardboard or lacquered boxes or tiered baskets. These contained sweetmeats, rice cakes, tangerines, watermelonseed and—ham sandwiches! Not the kind you know, but dainty finger-sized things encasing a mere kitten's tongue of pink—about 60 sandwiches to a person.

The play had begun, and beyond the proscenium a galaxy of weird creatures in a riot of colors and banners and masks were parading, singing and talking in high falsetto tones while the band destroyed the

peace of heaven with wails fortissimo and the clash of brass.

The audience gave not the slightest attention. It was eating and gossiping, noisily and with gusto. Peanut hulls crunched under foot, the tang of mandarin oranges rose, and slippery mango stones scudded like wet soap in all directions. Everybody blew watermelonseed across the rail and hurled pips and parings and discarded boxes after them. (Probably this is the reason why the stalls or lower floor have the cheapest seats, the law of gravity being what it is.)

There was a subdued accompaniment of vast clinking. This was the tea glasses in the wire racks on the back of each seat and the deeper clank as the teaboys made their ceaseless round to fill the glasses with scalding tea from a brass urn.

The while, Cheng Sheng the emperor strutted like a turkey cock, and Wu Sheng the military commander combed his flowing beard with his nailguards. But these were merely the actors upon the stage, and besides everybody knew the play by heart. All of which is to say that one has never experienced the fun of living for the sheer joy of it until he has paused a space in a native theatre. —T'ION MAXEY



WHEN JASCHA HEIFETZ, the concert violinist, toured the jungle outposts of the Panama Coast Artillery Command, there was some doubt as to how the bush soldiers would take his highbrow entertainment. *Pistol Packin' Mama* was the musical order of the day,

and it seemed that any substitute would have to be in the nature of *Mairzy Doats*.

But the fiddler of Carnegie Hall had no intention of compromising his art. Spurning the customary tear-wringing pap, he won instant favor by remarking tersely:

"Classical music is like spinach. Whether you like it or not, it's good for you." —CPL. WILLIAM TUSHER



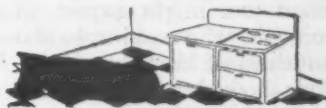
A COLONEL of the U. S. Army engineers faced an insurmountable obstacle. Emergency landing fields were desperately needed in his jungle sector of the Solomons, but there wasn't a single bulldozer, road grader, or even a gang of men available. In the face of this he disappeared into the jungle with a native guide and a portable phonograph, came out a week later haggard and unshaven, but with all the necessary landing fields constructed.

The dignified colonel had solved the problem as only a Yankee could. At each suitable location, he had called the local natives into conclave, set up his phonograph and held a jam session. To the music of Louis Armstrong and Benny Goodman, the natives demonstrated their tribal dances—and incidentally flattened the jungle undergrowth. When the Colonel decided a large enough area had been trampled smooth, he simply picked up his portable phonograph and moved on to another location.

For a while the marines on Choi-

seul Island were troubled by the enemy's ability to scamper up slanting tree trunks, out of range but in perfect sniping position. In one stroke they solved this problem and that old teaser about what to do with old razor blades. They stuck the blades about 10 feet up in the trunks. When a Jap started to scurry monkey-like up a tree, the marine readied his rifle; when the Jap dropped from the tree, wasting the few seconds that count in looking at his slashed hands, the marine shot him.

Multiply such inventiveness by millions, and you know what our military leaders mean by "Y-I" or Yank Ingenuity.—JOHN MAGUIRE



THE MORNING AFTER an intensive bombing raid over a Merseyside district in England, an elderly man phoned the local fire department to report that an incendiary bomb had fallen into his kitchen.

"We're too busy to bother with an incendiary," said the overworked chief. "Toss it out the window!"

"Don't think I'll be able to," the man replied calmly. "It's nearly eight feet long!"

"Eight feet?" exclaimed the chief. "That's a high explosive bomb!"

The caller seemed unimpressed.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the excited fire chief, "you've been sleeping with a thing like *that* in your home?"

"Oh, no!" replied the old gentleman. "I slept next door all night!"

—TOM GOOTÉE

If he's been married before, don't shy away. There are advantages to a husband twice married, as this second wife tells it



I Like Being a Second Wife

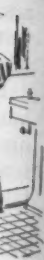
ANONYMOUS

WHEN I TOLD my relatives I planned to marry a man who had been married and divorced, their faces assumed the same expression you might expect to see on someone who had just swallowed a mouthful of kumquat juice. My mother showed the sort of desperate optimism mothers are forced to affect in dealing with over-21-year-old daughters; "It *might* work out very nicely, dear," she said, hardly clenching her teeth at all. My father's letter insisting that we put off the wedding "until we had considered the matter further" arrived the morning of the ceremony; we read it together as we drove to the minister's house.

In everyone's mind I was becoming a "Second Wife," a not exactly menial position but certainly one less desirable than that of a First Wife. By now I know most of the bromides. If a man has been married unsuccessfully before, there is something about him which will make his second marriage as unsuccessful as his first . . . A second wife is haunted by memories of the first wife . . . Many of the expe-

riences of married life—the first baby, for example—which a young wife has a right to consider all her own and all wonderful, may be old stuff to him . . . If he has children by the former marriage, half the attention (not to mention half the salary) which would otherwise be hers, goes to someone else . . .

After five years of Second Wifehood, I think I can make a few serious suggestions to anyone who may be hesitating to enter the blessed state with someone who has tried, and failed, in it before. First off let me say that I don't believe one should marry *any* man, whether he's never been married or has married the Rockettes, one at a time, unless she is so desperately in love with him that life without him would literally be impossible. I understand that all wives, first, second, or third, find living with a man somewhat more complicated than life with mamma and daddy, if only because it is less familiar; divorce statistics show that a lot of women find husbands a little too rich for their blood. How a girl can possess the sense of humor, the



rubber-doll flexibility and downright physical stamina married life requires without being practically blind with love, I really do not know. But I digress. The point is, whomever you marry, whether he's first or second hand—love him, or the game is up. And if you are to become a second wife, rejoice. There are advantages to it you've never considered.

First of all, you have a man who, after getting shut of a marriage he must have found unhappy, of his own accord turns around and remarries. He's had freedom, which he probably dreamed about through many a dark hour. He need no longer explain where he's been, or where his money goes. In short, he can do all those things men say their wives keep them from doing. If he foreswears this Olympian set-up in order to take a second wife, he either is crazy about the girl, or, despite all he knows, he is crazy about being married; in either case, he is likely to give it all he can. A man may marry for the first time because he doesn't know what he's getting into; the second time, he does, and he must consider the girl worth every bit of it.

Nine times out of ten the once-married man wants peace and contentment. He has been beaten over the head long enough and hard enough to have lost his taste for adventure. He is more of those things your parents always wanted for you (he will "provide for you," he is "reliable," he will give you "security," etc.) than the younger man who bends before all winds. This may sound like a rut, but the only difference between the rut he's in and the one the younger man

will eventually work his way into is that you can see its shape and dimensions beforehand. You stand less chance of marrying Dr. Jekyll and finding Mr. Hyde on your pillow the next morning.

A second wife enjoys the advantages of having a husband who has already been "trained." Unless you like living in a rabbit warren, don't underestimate the importance of this. My mother-in-law tells me that before his first marriage my husband used to drop his clothes on the floor wherever he was standing when he took them off. Whenever he turned a light on, it stayed on until someone else turned it out. When it was time to do the dishes he invariably found some urgent job elsewhere and the only work around the house he ever did willingly was to take ice cubes out of the trays for drinks.

But my husband's first wife had a way of insisting on a little more cooperation. Undoubtedly the first 150 times she asked him to put his socks in the clothes hamper, he said "Yes, dear," and then absent-mindedly dropped them behind the refrigerator. But by a process of repetition which men call nagging whenever it is directed at them, and possibly by using a shout or two where it would do the most good, she trained him to pick up his things. He still looks at a clothes hamper as Firpo must have looked at Dempsey when it was all over, but it definitely has him licked. He picks up his clothes, hangs up his suits and coats, puts his hat on the rack and his shoes in the closet. I'm *very* glad I came in when the fight was over.

I understand also that my hus-

band never used to come home on time. Many a dinner would shrivel in the oven while his first wife sat at the telephone with a list of the local taverns propped on her knee. It took her six or seven years to do it, but by none-too-gentle methods she finally convinced him that it was best to appear at the appointed hour.

I don't envy my husband's first wife. In the process of making my husband easy to live with she developed a reputation as a nagger and shrew. In a sense she primed the slot machine and I came along and collected the jackpot. When a man has been browbeaten over a long period of years into acting like a model husband, the habit does not depart easily, and despite all my encouragement to stay out all night with the boys he insists on being near-perfect. He says I have a sweet disposition. Why shouldn't I? The spade work has already been done.

IN A SENSE, the more quarrelsome, or possessive, or uncongenial, wife number one was, the better it will be for you. By the time most men get divorces they are in the frame of mind which considers just "being nice" a woman's highest attribute; all a second wife must do to get credit for godliness is simply to act more or less pleasant and not hit him in public. Perhaps you think your husband's parents and old friends will make unfavorable comparisons between you and the One Before You. The opposite is true. Anyone who cares enough for your husband to think twice about his wives will want most of all to see him happy. If you make him

happy and She didn't, that's all they need to know.

I'll never forget the first time my husband brought home a dinner guest unexpectedly. Past experience had taught him that this brought icy silence from the lady of the house while the guest was present, and a three-day debate afterwards. Both guest and husband entered with the expressions of Great Danes who always get licked by a certain fox terrier but have never figured out why. Because I greeted the guest without throwing dirty looks over his shoulder at my husband, and because I served a left-over dinner without apologizing for it enough to make it stick in their throats, my husband thought I was wonderful and loved me harder than ever.

Without question there is much to be learned about marriage. Loving comes naturally but many of the other aspects of living with someone for 80 or 90 years do not. If you marry someone who has been married before, at least one of you will have learned where some of the pitfalls lie. One of the most important things my husband taught me was that you can't "settle" everything; argument does nothing but start a running sore and you never leave it without taking a rain check for the next one. He has taught me a great deal about how to live happily with someone who obviously cannot feel the same way, or think the same way, about everything you do.

There also are practical aspects to being a second wife. Take the field of babies.

When I came home from the

hospital after my first baby, no nurses or maids were available. My mother was working on an assembly line in California and I had no older sisters or maiden aunts. Yet the doctor's strict orders were to stay in bed for a week.

If my husband hadn't been through the mill, the situation would have been impossible. But he had. He'd bathed, diapered, and fed two babies before. He took complete charge for two weeks while I convalesced on a chaise longue. Not only that. He cooked, made out laundry lists, defrosted the refrigerator and changed the beds—not by following frantic directions shouted from the bedroom, but from memory of 10 years of domestic life. I wouldn't have traded my husband for a Philippine house boy, a trained nurse and a French chef combined.

OF COURSE there *are* difficulties to being a second wife. No matter how distant the first wife may be, the old girl will pop up from time to time and it may not be at the precise moments you would have chosen. During our honeymoon I received three letters from my husband's first wife in which she promised to haunt me for the rest of my life. I can think of a happier correspondence for a honeymoon, but actually it did not disturb the course of my life then and hasn't since. As for haunting me, she soon forgot all about it, and has been leading too active and interesting a life since to bother with such unprofitable business.

But if you try to ignore the existence of the first wife; if you avoid mentioning her; if mementos

such as her gifts to your husband or pictures of her or their wedding picture, are hidden or destroyed without comment—then you are creating an issue and with it, trouble. Especially if there were children by that marriage, and they spend some time with you each year, your husband's other wife is an absent, but very real, member of your family. When your husband's friends (who knew Her for years) insist on calling you "Evelyn" when your name is Peg, there is no point in throwing yourself on the floor and biting the carpet. Your husband will live in terror of calling you Her name, and eventually (as mine did) he will do it. I had waited for it so long that when it happened I laughed till my stomach ached.

Don't be upset if he neither hates nor forgets her. The chances are that even if "it was her fault" she wasn't bad enough to hate and he couldn't have lived umpteen years with her and forget her. One of the first questions a prospective second wife always asks is—Why did you marry her? It is very hard for a man to tell his second wife that he married the first one because he loved her but three-quarters of the time that was the reason, and though a woman in love may not like to hear it, it's a better reason than any other he might trump up. If he were the kind of a chap who had married for the girl's money, wouldn't he stick around in order to spend it? If he had children by that former marriage, and you find that no matter how hard you try to make him happy he misses them and has despondent spells because of it, don't be jealous or upset. If

he misses his children, it probably means he is a good Daddy; what other kind do you want for your own children?

Last Mother's Day my husband wanted so much to show me how much he loved me that for three nights he got off the bus loaded to the gunwales with packages for me.

He bought me five dresses, a box of candy, three books, an album of victrola records, a pair of slacks and a sweater to match, and two bottles of imported perfume. Three days later he had to borrow money from me to pay his alimony.

I say it was worth it. If you don't, stay where you are.

Expeditionary Encounters



SEX APPEAL has its use in war—right up in the front lines, too. Canadian troops in action on the Italian front were having difficulty with Nazi watchdogs, trained to bark as soon as they heard or smelled Allied troops. They forced many Allied patrols to drop their missions and scoot back to their own lines for safety—until one Canadian had an idea. On the next patrol he took along a female dog. There was no barking. When he came back to his own lines, ranged behind him were one lady dog plus a pack of enemy dogs with only the light of love in their eyes.



AT THE EDGE of a cliff above the Torokina riverbed on Bougainville in the Solomons, there is a tree which will probably go down as one of the most difficult single objectives taken in this war. A 125-foot banyan, it was first used as an observation post by Yanks. Then one night the Japs crawled up, captured the tree and dug in.

The Americans tried to dislodge them, first with flamethrowers, then mortars and bazookas. Finally the tree was sprayed with gasoline and fired. Jap ammunition at the base exploded but the Japs stayed, for although the gasoline burned the inside of the tree and it fell, the trunk still stuck up 30 feet to provide an excellent cover for

the Nip riflemen and machine gunners.

It took 17 days before the last Jap was rooted out with a flamethrower, and then the trunk had to be blown up with torpedoes. And all the time the tree was located just 20 yards from American lines.



IN AUSTRALIA the low cost of living is making American soldiers feel like millionaires. Forty cents buys a two-inch steak, green salad, french-fries, coffee and all the trimmings. A Scotch and soda costs 17 cents. Two dimes pay for a haircut and 15 cents more brings a shave, massage and shampoo. A cent and a half is the fare to any place in the city by bus or streetcar. Movies cost 20 cents, and for less than four cents soldiers can smack their lips over a large bottle of milk.



WHEN THE Yanks took Tarawa, one Jap was caught high-tailing out of the side entrance of a dynamited pillbox. A flamethrower whipped out a stream of intense fire, and the Jap blazed like a piece of celluloid, dead instantly. But the bullets in his cartridge belt weren't. They zinged in all directions for a full minute after he was just ashes, and American boys had to hug the ground to avoid being killed by a dead Jap.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

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When Mussolini was booted out of Sicily and Colonel Charles Poletti from the U.S.A. took over as AMG Commissioner Fascist fur flew fast

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Cleanup Man for the AMG

by JOE FROMM

A DELEGATION of Italians—fishermen, farmers, street cleaners and factory hands—one day last winter meekly called at the headquarters of the chief of the Allied Military Government of Sicily. They wanted to see the “big boss.” When they were ushered into the office of the AMG commissioner of the liberated island, the spokesman handed the American officer a local newspaper and pointed to an editorial. The writer of the editorial had charged that the American administrator opposed a free Sicily because his father was born in Piedmont—the home of the Italian royal family.

“We know that this attack on you is a lie,” said the delegation spokesman, a weatherbeaten fisherman who had endured 22 years of Fascism. “We know that you are our friend and that this is unfair.”

“If you know it is a lie, why do you come to me?” the American officer asked, and his Italian was as fluent as that of any of his visitors.

“We wanted to ask what you are going to do,” he explained.

“Do? I’m going to do nothing.”

“Not going to suppress the paper? Nobody goes to prison?”
“Nothing.”

The eyes of the rugged fisherman glistened with tears as he turned to his friends. “*Ecco democrazia*,” he said, grasping the hand of the military governor. “Behold democracy.”

The man who inspired that Italian delegation with faith in democracy, as he has inspired millions since, is a chunky little New York politician who knows Italy, its people, language and problems as do few others. He is Colonel Charles Poletti, who turned away from opportunity for national fame and chose to go to help the establishment of popular government in the land of his parents. He says he did it “to satisfy my soul.”

The democratic way of life had been good to this ambitious son of an Italian stone-cutter. In America he was able to study law at Harvard. His keen mind and energy soon brought young Poletti forward. Only a few years after he left school he was offered a post in the Attorney General’s office in Washington. Before he could accept, Gover-

nor Herbert Lehman of New York engaged him as his counsel. In 1932, at the age of 29, Poletti was appointed counsel for the National Democratic committee. He was elected to the New York Supreme Court in 1937. The salary is 25 thousand dollars a year. But Poletti gave it up after a year to run for lieutenant governor of New York—a four-year tenure with an annual salary of 10 thousand dollars. He was elected, and when Governor Lehman resigned several years later Poletti became governor.

But Poletti abandoned this promising career. A large part of the nation did not see the imminence of war for the United States, but Poletti saw the storm coming and went to Washington as special assistant to Secretary Stimson. When war broke, Poletti was eager for active service. But he was too valuable where he was. Not until the preparations for the invasion of Sicily was he permitted to get into uniform as a lieutenant colonel.

Poletti's job was cut out for him. With his knowledge of Italy—he had studied at the University of Rome and visited Italy often—Poletti was an obvious man for the task of planning the governmental administration of Sicily and training officers for the job.

When the first wave of troops swept ashore in Sicily, Poletti and his hand-picked staff were with them to maintain order behind the fighting lines by keeping the wheels of government in motion.

In the ensuing months, while the AMG administration in Italy was under fire from all sides, and accused of keeping avowed Fascists in office and of continuing many of

their practices, Poletti without publicity or fanfare went about the business of winning the confidence of the people of Sicily and reviving there a long-dead spirit of democracy. He fired every mayor in the island and 95 per cent of the Fascist officials. His housecleaning of Mussolini-lovers was thorough. In the difficult months following the liberation of Sicily, Poletti became more than a military governor. He became a symbol of a peoples' government, the champion of a "New Italy." Sicilians called him "Mister Amgot," because, as one officer put it, "In Sicily Amgot was Poletti and Poletti was Amgot."

WHEN HE left the island early this year the people staged a lavish banquet in his honor and presented to him paintings by their own artists of the beauty spots of Sicily.

Poletti's success in Sicily—the testing ground of allied military government on European soil—destined him for bigger things as the liberation armies fought their way up the Italian boot. Few outside the inner circle of military government were fully aware of his achievements on the island because the muddled political situation in Italy provided correspondents with more sensational news than did Poletti's efficient administration of Sicily.

Five months after its liberation, Naples still was governed by a notorious Fascist and the entire civil administration was honeycombed with Fascists. Italians who for years had defied torture and death in the anti-Fascist underground were cold-shouldered and the promise of freedom of speech

and press had become a mockery.

It was in this atmosphere that Colonel Poletti arrived in Naples early in February to take over the job of AMG regional commissioner of Naples province, which includes Naples, Salerno, Benevento and Avellino. He found AMG headquarters in a building which had been bombed. He had to climb over a pile of rubble to get to his office. He found a staff of assistants who were convinced that the machinery of government would collapse if the veteran Fascist technicians were fired. "Things," he confided to a friend, "are going to happen." They did—and fast.

Poletti called his staff together a few hours after his arrival. The minute Poletti opened his mouth they knew that a new procedure had arrived for AMG in Naples province and some weren't fully captivated by the prospect. "Our first job," Poletti told his aides, "is to get rid of the Fascists." An officer jumped to his feet. Poletti cut him short.

"I know what you're going to say. You're going to tell me we can't get rid of them because there's no one to take their places. Well, that's baloney." With that Poletti picked up the telephone, called the Committee of National Liberation and in a one-minute conversation won half the battle. In essence, he told the Committee: "You've been complaining about the way we're running the government. You think we should get rid of the Fascists. I do too. All right then, you send us the men who you think should have the jobs." Poletti's debut was a grand success.

Firing the Fascists—a job which

required several very trying months—was only the first of many steps which Poletti took to get Naples on the road toward free government. He lashed out at the black market, strove feverishly to get more food for the populace and moved vigorously to guarantee a free press, free speech and freedom from fear. He abolished Fascist labor groups and encouraged worker-controlled unions. The transformation wrought by Poletti's arrival was regarded at first with disbelief and then by a unanimous sigh of relief. For the people soon realized that here was a man who understood them, their language and problems; a man who hated Fascism and took a deep personal interest in helping them.

Shortly after the advent of the Poletti regime, workmen began renovating the prefettura; the building in which AMG headquarters are situated. The bomb-shattered building was made an impressive "show place" for education in government. To those who were moved to comment on the thick blue rug, the bright blue walls and throne-like chairs in his office, the stubby New York firebrand had a ready explanation. "It's easier to sell ideas here than in a dump."

But Neapolitans were more impressed with Poletti himself than with his surroundings. They were incredulous when they heard that anyone with a legitimate problem or grievance could see him and that he came to the door of his office to greet visitors in his shirt sleeves. And those who had reason to consult the new AMG boss left his office virtually mesmerized by the *Americano* who talked to them in their own language, who listened

sympathetically to their problems and argued with them as equals. For 25 years they had been governed by men who ruled by decree, men who punished argument with prison terms.

On the streets Poletti soon was recognized. He went unescorted and often was stopped by diffident Neapolitans who were in trouble. He listened, gave advice and sometimes invited them to his office. Every Wednesday he took to the radio to talk directly to the people and he reserved one day a week for a "field trip." One week it would be a visit to a malaria control center. The next week an inspection of air raid shelters. It was all part of Poletti's method. He knew his Italians. He says: "You have to make these people feel close to their public officials. The Italian people have faith in persons. For them to grasp something intangible, such as the bringing of free government by AMG, it must be illustrated by persons they can see and know."

By his tactics Poletti soon won the confidence of the people. When a group of workers was in the mood to strike for a pay adjustment they went to see "Mister Amgot." Only once was there a strike in Naples province during Poletti's tenure. A small group of street cleaners stayed away from work without talking to him first. "That hurt," Poletti said later, after he had talked them into keeping at their emergency jobs.

Poletti installed a courageous anti-Fascist as mayor of Naples and told him to run the city. When the new mayor wanted to reorganize the street-cleaning system he asked

the AMG chief for permission. "Go ahead," he was told. "It's your responsibility. If it flops it's your fault. If it succeeds you'll get the credit." The mayor went ahead—and succeeded.

"That's the way it's got to be," Poletti explains. "When you appoint your officials you have to back them up. That's the way they'll learn to run their own government."

THOUGH HE quickly won the support of the populace, Poletti seldom got through a day without a new headache. If it wasn't a food shortage it was "Fascist trouble," the black market or inflation. Or any of a hundred problems—great and small.

The threatening food crisis was relieved by the establishment of distributing stations throughout the province. Previously, Italians in more remote regions had been compelled to trudge 40 or 50 and sometimes even 100 miles to obtain their ration of grain and olive oil. He called the fishermen together and they responded with the first catches in many months. He established government controlled markets with fixed prices. He opened more courts and ordered severe prison terms for black market racketeers.

The Italians had been in a cigarette and cigar famine for months. Two tobacco factories were in the province. He invited the managers to his office, only to encounter an example of industrial paralysis, a result of Fascist red tape. He asked, "Do you have tobacco?"

"Yes," they replied.

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"Do you have paper?"

"Yes."

"Do you have machinery?"

"Yes."

"Do you have workers?"

"Yes."

"Then why aren't you producing?" Poletti asked in amazement.

"Because we have no oilcloth."

"No oilcloth! That should be easy to find."

"But the government provided us with oilcloth in the past."

That was enough for Poletti. He knew when to get tough. "Look," he told the two Italians. "I don't know where you're going to find this oilcloth. But you have two days to get it."

They found the oilcloth and Neapolitans soon began receiving a regular cigarette ration.

Oilcloth was one of Poletti's lesser headaches, but the Fascists were his worst. It was no easy task deciding who was a "real" Fascist and who was not. Almost all of

those fired on the charge of having served Mussolini protested tearfully that they weren't Fascists, that they had worked for them because they were forced to and because of countless other reasons.

Poletti was quick to come up with a foolproof plan. He appointed a council of 10 outstanding anti-Fascists, men who had risked their lives defying the Fascists. After that the AMG boss had a stock answer for Fascist officials who suddenly discovered a deep, dormant love for democracy. "If you can convince them (the anti-Fascist council) that you weren't a real Fascist, that'll be enough for me." Few have tried.

Those who know Poletti best frequently compare him with "Mister Major," the hero of John Hersey's novel, *A Bell for Adano*. But Poletti, who's now civil governor of Rome, is restoring more than one town bell. His bell tolls the advent of a "New Italy."

Line-Up

A GERMAN LABORER RETURNED HOME after a hard day, only to find the dinner table bare. "Where iss my meal?" he demanded of his wife. "I am so hungry!"

"I am sorry, Otto," said his wife despairingly. "This morning, early, I went out to do my shopping. But when I came to the butcher there was a long line of people waiting ahead of me, and I could get no meat. At the baker's there was another long line and I could get no bread. Then I went to the vegetable store..."

But the irate husband did not wait to hear more. He rushed to his room and got his revolver. "This is the last straw," he shouted as he stormed out. "I'm going to kill der Fuehrer!"

Three hours later he returned home and dropped wearily into a chair. "Tell me, Otto," cried his wife in anguish, "did—did you kill der Fuehrer?"

There was a faraway look in Otto's eyes. "It was impossible," he moaned. "There was a long line there too."—LOUIS HIRSCH



A well-known American author agrees with King Solomon that "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones"



Must We Be Glum?

by CHANNING POLLOCK

DURING A LECTURE in St. Louis, soon after the war began, I described myself truthfully as an entirely happy man. Afterward, an interviewer asked how I could be that way in the face of what is going on in the world. With equal honesty, I answered that I am too busy and too angry to have time for wretchedness.


Only idle people, I think, can manage to be miserable, and only acquiescence permits idleness. No one can fight and, concurrently, reflect upon his misfortunes. My lamented uncle, Colonel John P. Finley, once remarked to me that every experienced officer hopes for singing soldiers. "Cromwell's army sang hymns," he said, "and our boys in the first World War sang '*Auprès de ma blonde*,' and both were victorious. Nothing is as dangerous to an opponent as the man who laughs or sings while he fights."

There is a respected school of thought that holds pleasure or light-heartedness to be out of place in periods of grave effort or disaster. More than half the world is

hungry, or bereaved, or risking wounds or death; great issues are in the balance, and it behooves us to ponder the fact and be glum. I'm in favor of pondering plenty, and of doing our utmost and giving our best, but I still fail to see how the glumness helps.

The British appear to have continued their patronage of virtually every kind of entertainment under a rain of bombs. If *we* must go through our days in mourning because of what is happening abroad, then no one has had the right to be happy since the dawn of civilization, nor, perhaps, ever will achieve that right. Somewhere, there always has been, and always may be, grief and suffering.

One of Sudermann's greatest short stories is of the bridal couple who, through the thin walls between their hotel room and the next, heard the weeping of an old woman whose husband of 50 years was dying. I feel certain the honeymooners were full of sympathy, and that they would gladly have interrupted their transports to summon a physician or give other comfort



or assistance; but I doubt that they could have been made dolorous, or that anyone would have been better off for it.

Our grandmothers anticipated Gilbert Chesterton's brilliant essay on this subject by insisting that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," and we should be wise to avoid and distrust those incapable of it.

When Shakespeare created his arch-villain, the famous actor, Joseph Jefferson, once reminded me, he was not the amiable Falstaff, but the lean and hungry Cassius. "I doubt," Jefferson said, "that anyone ever plotted evil while he was laughing."

Apart from that, relaxation and merriment have therapeutic and other values. Long ago, my physician told me that "a good foolish hobby" might have added 10 years to my life. Soon afterward, I began spending an occasional evening with sea-faring friends at the burlesque shows given in the Irving Place Theatre, where frequently I sat next to Justice Holmes. The performances were idiotic and Rabclaisian, but I doubt that either Justice Holmes or I was corrupted by them. And, to my surprise, I found that my work was always better and more cheerfully undertaken the next morning.

Every speaker and writer and publicist learns that laughter is the most completely devastating of weapons. When people begin making jokes about a leader, whether he be Hitler or some indigenous demagogue, you can bet he's on his way out.

Do you recall the ancient jest about the soap-box orator who

shouted, "Comes the revolution, the rich man will eat your mouldy bread, while you eat his strawberries and cream?"

"Strawberries," one of his hearers protested, "always give me hives."

"Comes the revolution," the orator thundered, "strawberries *won't* give you hives!"

After my radio debate with Earl Browder in Town Hall, New York, one of his former associates told me that the propagandists of the party had devoted much thought to overcoming the effect of that destructive ridicule. Early in my experience as a lecturer, I learned that the statement longest remembered is the one which rides into the minds of an audience on a laugh.

Gaiety, of course, is not indispensable to happiness, but the happy human is very likely to be gay—at least occasionally. If "all the world loves a lover," most of us feel the same weakness for a gay companion. And certainly those who do will love life more, and have more of it, than their glum sister or brother.

Reading Gene Fowler's fascinating biography of John Barrymore, I was struck by the fact that Jack's justly-celebrated charm sprang largely from his capacity for irresistible foolishness.

A comedian now dead used to sing, "Oh, gee, it's great to be crazy," and he was right. It may not be true that "There isn't anyone happy but the lucky devil who's off his nut"; however, I am convinced that frequent abandonment of what the solemn would call sanity may be a private and public benefaction.

Taking one's self and life *itself*

too seriously can be a bore and a dreadfully bad habit. For unfortunates in danger of acquiring it, I suggest a once-a-week or once-a-month reading of Gilbert's "*Bab*" *Ballads*, or Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends*, or *Alice in Wonderland*. If you don't forget your troubles temporarily, and induce your wife to ask, "What *are* you laughing about?"—then it's time to change your diet, or your profession, or your doctor.

However sorry you may be for the woes of the world, and however resentful of their makers, I urge you to do something utterly foolish now and then. You'll go back to your business, or your fight or crusade with greater zest and effectiveness. You needn't stop buying bonds, or saving scrap, or being angry or sympathetic because you've

been gay a while—quite the contrary. And you'll probably live longer and be more regretted when you leave this world.

I've always loved Irvin Cobb, but never quite so much as after an hour in his company a few days prior to his death. Irvin had laughed and joked so incessantly that I decided he didn't know he was nearing the end. Leaving, I promised, "I'll see you again."

"Not in this world," Irvin answered. Observing my wonder, he added, "You think I'm not being properly solemn. My son, life is a party. The more you enjoy it, the more the other guests will and the more successful the whole thing will be. And I should say it was a mighty poor and ungrateful guest who departed gloomily."

Added Attractions

❖ NO LONGER WILL moviegoers have to stumble over their fellow patrons while searching for a seat in darkened theatres. Science has devised new playhouse seats which glow with a fluorescent light when unoccupied. When the patron is seated, the light automatically switches off.

—LOUIS HIRSCH

Soon the darkened theatre is ablaze with little five-branched candelabra. If the management does not soon change the picture the audience begins to split the chair bottoms into kindling wood.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

❖ IN SOME PARTS OF South America, movie patrons don't leave if displeased with the picture. They stay and demand something better. And the management has to come through with another film—or another and another.

If a picture is slow, the customers begin to stamp their feet. Unless the story picks up quickly, the stamping becomes menacing and the patrons get out their matchboxes. Then, sticking the ends of the matches under their fingernails, they light them and hold up their hands.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

The American Fifth Army had just marched into Rome and D-Day was but 48 hours off when the Commander-in-Chief posed for this picture. The political future of FDR, who as both a Depression and War President has been one of the most commanding and controversial figures of modern time, hangs in the balance this month. But whether he or Mr. Thomas Dewey occupies the White House, the election this year signifies the world at large that the United States stands free, victorious and a democracy—even after three years of bloody war.

KODACHROME FROM INTERNATIONAL

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Australians call a visit from these monsters the "willy-willies." Maybe because they stir up more grief than a rampaging mother-in-law

Season of Snakewinds

by IVAN T. SANDERSON

WE THINK of hurricanes as rare and devastating occurrences in the tropics. Yet there has been an average of seven per year in the American area alone during the past 40 years. The total number recorded for the Western Hemisphere during this century is already 269. The yearly average of severe specimens has been slightly under three.

Although hurricanes are all of equatorial origin, more than a third of those that have occurred in the Western Hemisphere during this century have struck the temperate zones and the majority have

actually hit the coasts of the U. S.

The term hurricane, which should perhaps be spelled *huracan* and pronounced *hooruk'kan*, is of West Indian origin. The same phenomena are known as "typhoons" in the China Seas, in the Philippines as "baguios," in India as "cyclones" and in Australia as "willy-willies." The technical name for all of them is tropical cyclone, the word cyclone meaning "coil of a snake."

A tropical cyclone consists of an almost circular pancake-shaped mass of dense, moisture-laden storm cloud three to six hundred miles in diameter with a circular hole or "eye" usually about 15 miles across. The underside of this cloud mass almost touches the earth near the eye, and the whole is of enormous volume. Around the edge are banks of broken clouds, while high above is a continuous canopy of opaque, misty vapor that may extend a great distance beyond the main body in all directions, but which invariably breaks peripherally into beautiful radiating strands of cirrus clouds.

To those caught in a cyclone, the

Witching Hour

Caught in the act of scalping the jack lantern to see what made it glow, this lubby sprite in the witch's hat only giggled the harder. At a Halloween party at Arlington, Virginia's, younger set, 16-year-old Caroline McKnight was fun leader in the revels. Her sheer delight in the games and colorful trappings snapped photographer Ardean Miller into action. Caroline was willing to turn professional. In fact, she was a model model. Asked if she were tired, the moppet replied, "I'm perfectly comfortable." As indeed she was, for posing was just another game.

EDACHROME BY ARDEAN MILLER FROM FPG

most noticeable factor is the fierceness of the wind. Moreover, it is half water—not just ordinary rain but solid pencils and streamers of cold water. It is also highly charged with electricity; so much so that after two I experienced my hair, which is normally straighter than a ramrod, remained twisted into a mop of tight curls for two weeks. During the storms tiny flashes of lightning pass between you and those near you.

In these cyclones, too, there are winds within winds. I once saw one of these terrific gusts strike a steel framework tower and bend it halfway to an angle of 20 degrees. There was no rocking or preliminary movement—the whole thing just clicked over like a tin spoon bent between the fingers.

There is also the now famous photograph of a piece of soft fence post one inch thick and three inches wide driven clean through a Royal Palm tree trunk, which was obtained after the 1928 hurricane in Puerto Rico. The remarkable feature of this fantastic exhibit is the steel-like solidity of the palm's trunk, to which anybody who has tried to cut one down with an axe can testify.

POPULAR IMAGINATION is most readily inspired by the velocity of these winds. Records of 150 m.p.h. for five minutes have been recorded and gusts up to 250 m.p.h. have been estimated. An ordinary gale blows about 40 miles an hour. The highest velocities recorded, exclusive of hurricanes, have, however, been greater, mounting in one blizzard to 183 m.p.h.

The greatest damage inflicted by

tropical cyclones, however, is usually caused by the accompanying storm wave. An approaching cyclone may often produce remarkable tidal effects as far as five hundred miles ahead of its front and two days before it strikes. Many of these storm waves have devastated Caribbean and Gulf Coast ports, razed cities and killing many thousands of persons.

In most cases the level of the sea simply mounts so that it flows over the low coastal lands, but sometimes the action is more sudden—the level of the water rising several feet in a few seconds. Again, a wall of water, known as a "bore" or succession of towering waves may descend upon the coast.

These waves are naturally greater in size and more dangerous in localities where there is already a normal gravitational tide of considerable ebb and flow. Such is the case in the Bay of Bengal where the most devastating storm waves are recorded. One that entered the mouth of the Hoogly River in 1737 was over 40 feet high and penetrated many miles inland, destroying around 20 thousand craft and killing 300 thousand persons. In this instance, the storm wave appears to have coincided with the incoming of the gravitational tide.

Perhaps the most fascinating aspect of cyclones is their primary motion. The secondary or spiral motion is only half the story, for the storm travels forward at a constant rate and during its life span often covers thousands of miles.

There is something awe-inspiring and decidedly freakish about hurricanes, too. One may majestically roll straight to your doorstep, then,

at the last moment, strike off to the right or left just as if possessed of a conscious mind.

Again it may pass to one side, bestowing upon you only a fresh breeze and light rain, and then swing around and descend upon you like a devouring monster. No wonder the Chinese call it the dragon wind!

On the occasion of one small but violent hurricane, I was in a little township facing the Caribbean on the coast of Nicaragua. There had been much talk of disaster as a long spell of glittering sunny weather gave way to flat, steely days of absolute calm. The night before had been eerily still, stifling and silent. Not an insect chirped. The morning broke gray and chill, with streamers of low clouds spread fanwise across the sky. Presently there came a light breeze bringing a fine mist which soon turned to rain. And the wind rose steadily.

Within an hour every tree in sight was either leafless or had been blown flat. The streets were rushing rivers. Yards were piled high with debris and the last boat in the harbor had vanished. Roofs of bungalows had disappeared in the clouds that spewed forth an endless cascade of electrically charged water.

We crouched behind any stout wall we could reach and cling to. Instead of wind there was a ceaseless roaring movement of the whole atmosphere, augmented every few minutes by impacts of apparently solid air that shook the very earth with concussions like the firing of depth charges in shallow water.

Barges, cast from their moorings at the jetty, and loaded with ba-

nanas, came wallowing through narrow lanes, battering fences and outhouses into the oblivion of the raging waters. Twelve-foot fronds, torn from the heads of palm trees, lanced into the air, smacked into perpendicular walls with ack-ack reports, and remained there outspread like leaves in a herbarium. We had to hold our cupped hands over our faces to breathe, as the storm went on hour after hour with ever-increasing fury.

Then suddenly came the lull. The terrible roar ceased, the wind dropped to a gentle moan and the rain stopped. In its place arose the shouts and wails from the inhabitants of the town and the sound of lapping waves. The mists cleared and the sun even came out. We were in the heart of the "monster."

For half an hour we staggered around gasping and shivering and listlessly pulling at wreckage. The sea, which now swirled around our doorstep and for miles beyond, was a churning mass of foam from which arose wraiths of steamlike mist that were swirled in all directions by little winds.

In the foreground the sun shone as if through thick, frosted glass, while beyond was an apparently solid wall of black with a coppery sheen which burned gray above and was lost in the pale overcast. As we watched, this wall rushed straight toward us and then seemed to topple over and envelop the whole earth.

There were a few minutes of deathly calm and absolute silence—then with a moan that rose instantly to a high-pitched shriek, the hurricane swung back, and in a second it had begun all over again;

but this time in reverse, for even dead vultures, for the most part featherless, came back. In fact the simile of a reversed motion picture could not be bettered.

In such a holocaust, so much happens at once, and on such a terrifying scale, that the mind seems to become numbed and time is compressed into a fleeting ghastly present. Yet, it apparently is not the danger nor an acute sense of peril that causes this. Rather, it appears to be the direct influence of the cyclone itself upon the mind. For it is popularly recognized in cyclonic storm areas—and there is considerable data to confirm it—that the minds and characters of men are affected by the passing of their Gargantuan disturbances.

For instance, crimes of violence and suicides increase during the hurricane months, but one cannot say that this is not in any case just a seasonal variation. Less tangible, but far more convincing to those who have experienced them, are the *tendencies* to violence and irritability 24 hours before a hurricane strikes. Anybody who lives on the Caribbean coast will verify that statement. Moreover, animals apparently feel the approach long before and more clearly than man.

We once spent three months working on a coastal mud flat by the Caribbean. All around us millions of fiddler crabs lived in little water-filled holes. One day we noticed that they were behaving in an unusual manner. The males, distinguishable by their large claws, were systematically herding the females among the mangrove roots away from the sea. Forty-eight hours later a severe hurricane, accom-

panied by a three-foot storm wave, struck, its center passing only 40 miles away.

It has been noted, too, by men who have sailed the Caribbean for a lifetime that the majority of hurricanes which originated or subsequently drifted south of Latitude 14° and west of Longitude 80° later followed a course northward which migrating animals follow southward. Also, that one often passes through countless swarms of yellow butterflies migrating southward when sailing the Bay of Honduras or off the Nicaraguan coast. Birds appear to use the same track.

It may be that both hurricanes and wild life are merely following the east coast and taking short cuts across these inlets of the sea; but it is also possible that both follow along some invisible "cracks" in the atmosphere. There is no evidence that such cracks exist from any known factors; but there remains the suggestion that there may be lines of magnetic or electrical distinction. Certainly electricity—or some related factor—seems to play a major role in tropical cyclones. Strange displays of static discharge are sometimes seen before hurricanes strike. There is a story current in Jamaica of a cat that glowed in the dark for several days before a cyclone arrived.

Nor are the after-effects of a hurricane any less startling. After one that hit an inhabited quay off the coast of British Honduras in 1942, I was shown a circular hole, about 100 feet across and more than 30 feet deep, where a two-story house had stood the day before. The sea had knocked everything flat and carried part of the quay

away, but had not materially altered the rest of the surface. Why the storm had dug a hole where the sturdiest house on the island had stood is still a puzzle.

There are, of course, more horrible results, as a personal friend of mine who went through the 1931 hurricane in Belize, described. He was clinging to a veranda post facing what had been a street but which was now covered by three feet of sea. Two men were struggling toward him. Suddenly a piece of iron roofing came whirling horizontally through the air, spinning like a propeller. It struck one of the men about the waist, and when the other turned he saw only a detruncated pair of hips. His companion had been cut in half.

These terrifying monsters are not exceptional, but a regular fea-

ture of our weather. And, strange as it may sound, they are not wholly destructive agents. For every hurricane transports millions of tons of water in the form of rain, distributes it over vast areas and not all in devastating and harmful quantities. The beneficial effects of this rain on soil, crops and forests, although hard to estimate, can be decisive in saving or maintaining an agricultural area where a yearly drought occurs.

Although a hurricane may be six hundred miles in diameter, only a small part in the center is dangerous. Thus an area of 283 thousand square miles is being watered every moment of a hurricane's life, and this may be from two to three weeks, during which time this gigantic watering-can may travel thousands of miles.

From the Political Front

■ CHARLES VAN DEVANDER reports the best of the election gags to date. Dewey's pet possession is a Great Dane whose picture recently was published in a national magazine.

A member of the National Press Club in Washington, glancing at the photo the other day, was reminded, naturally enough, of FDR and Fala. As he looked up from the picture, he commented:

"I think I'll vote for the big man with the little dog."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

■ I AM LAYING BETS that the next President of the United States will be an ex-governor of New York!

—WALTER WINCHELL

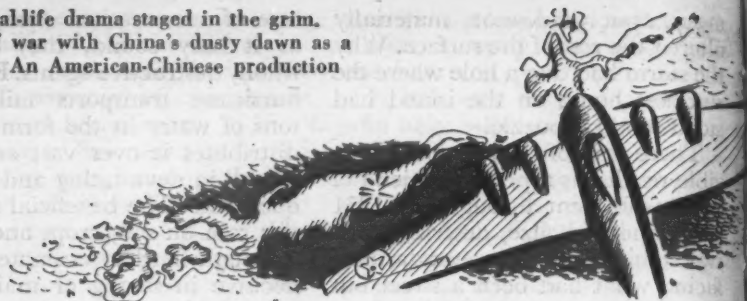
■ THE DOOR TO THE County Tax Collector's office swung open and a grizzled old farmer strode out, pocketing with obvious satisfaction a little slip of paper.

"See you paid your poll tax, Ben," drawled a loiterer on the steps. "You're gonna vote for somebody this year, are you?"

"Not necessarily," returned the taxpayer. "I don't pay poll tax to vote for somebody, but to vote against some son-of-a-gun!"

—JAMES SLEDGE

This is real-life drama staged in the grim theatre of war with China's dusty dawn as a backdrop. An American-Chinese production



Father of the Wolfe Pack

by COREY FORD AND ALASTAIR MACBAIN

Somewhere in China:

NOW THE FIRST one is taking off in a gathering wash of sound, growing bigger and bigger each second as it moves toward you. Its great wings seem to brush the blue-coated coolies packed solidly on either side of the newly-finished runway; its enormous silver fin glints in the red light of China's dusty dawn. Its long greyhound nose is extended, its four 18-cylinder radial engines thunder in unison along the two-mile strip until, with the faintest lift, the great ship is airborne.

You feel the enormous mechanical power of the B-29 shake the air; and you feel, in that moment of concussion, the power of human determination and vision that made this newest instrument of winged destruction possible. You feel something happen inside you, as one by one the great Super fortresses take to the air and pass overhead. This is it, you want to yell, this is the great dream come true, the most momentous step that the U.S. Army Air Force has taken so far. This is one logical development of

the belief airmen hold that there are no boundaries in the sky: a super warplane, designed so that plane—and crew—shall be absolutely mobile, able to move from theatre to theatre and strike at will like Olympic lightning wherever the tactical situation dictates; self-sufficient and self-supplying, with longer range and higher ceiling and greater speed and larger bomb-carrying capacity than any previous bomber that ever flew.

Slowly the formation of super-forts circles overhead in the spreading dawn, above the pink-and-green Chinese checkerboard of paddy fields, farms and temples. Every eye is turned aloft, every crew chief, mechanic and engineer watches in silence. For this is their moment, too: the history of these great planes is the history of each man in the outfit. You have never seen a group with such singleness of purpose, such pride in its job; if anyone complained, the stock answer always was, "No trouble getting assigned to another club if you don't like it here."

Perhaps working toward this

moment made the whole project like a family secret, and welded these men together; perhaps their unique spirit is due to the fact that officers and enlisted men are the real top cream of the U.S. Army Air Forces, hand-picked for this all-important Twentieth Bomber Command. Or perhaps—and the rest of the outfit will tell you so—it is due to a devotion to their commanding general that amounts almost to a religion.

It is no coincidence that this ultra-secret Command has been from the outset General K. B. Wolfe's own baby; though he insists that it is the result of the efforts of all concerned, and he himself is just a jigsaw puzzle made up of the men under him. In the general's words, "The only reason we're all here right now is because every last one of this gang has been doing a day and a half's work daily since we started." General Wolfe is more than a tactical commanding general; his responsibility was to help design, approve and produce the B-29 Superfortress, to train and organize the units to use and maintain it, and to commit it to combat. He took the long odds on a three-billion-dollar gamble—and he won.

He does not look like the world's greatest gambler. He is small, quick-moving, unobtrusive. He almost would be unnoticed in a group save for the silver stars on his shoulder. His face is quizzical and full of humor, but his eyes are diamond-hard and the lines of his mouth are deep and determined. He believes in doing things and says, "If you're right only 65 per cent of the time, at least you're making progress, and that's a

thousand times better than doing nothing."

He's a genius at production and equally a genius at cutting red tape; if any one of his men gets into trouble because of ignoring some routine regulations, the general will stand between him and hell. When he was given the Distinguished Service Medal for "exceptionally meritorious service to the government in a duty of great responsibility," he pointed to his associates and said, "They won this medal, not me."

The men tell little things about him: the time he refused to allow his own quarters to be screened until the enlisted men's barracks had been screened first. Or the time an icebox arrived at his sweltering base in India, and he sent it over to the officers' mess for everybody to use. Little things—but they add up.

You wonder what is going through his mind now, as he gazes at the great formation of Superfortresses assembling in the sky over China, ready for their historic first thrust against Japan. You wonder if he is thinking of that black moment when Pilot Eddie Allen and a crew of 11 experts took up the first experimental B-29 for a test flight over Boeing Field in Seattle. The shocked spectators saw the trail of smoke, and someone in the control tower overheard a member of the crew call over the interphones: "Better get this thing down fast, Eddie, the wing spar is burning badly," and then Allen's voice calmly requesting the tower: "Have fire equipment ready, I'm coming in with a wing on fire." Forty-five seconds later the ship

plunged out of control into a packing plant near the end of the field, and the hopes and plans of the Air Forces went up in clouds of black oily smoke.

That would have discouraged any ordinary group; but these Air Forces men were *not* ordinary. When Boeing lost heart after the Seattle crash, the A.A.F. took over. It was the great gamble. The Air Forces were committed not only to an airplane whose design had not yet been completed, but to a facility program that involved designing and building new factories to produce it, at the same time designing and manufacturing new machinery and new tools to equip the still undesignated factories in which a still nebulous airplane was to be built. And there could be no excuses. Said General Hap Arnold, when he handed Wolfe the job: "You'll be given everything in the world except one thing—you won't have an alibi."

There was no time to wait for the perfect airplane. "We just started building them," says Colonel Harman. "We knew there'd be bugs, but we knew they could be eliminated as we went along."

FROM THE outset the Super fortress stood complete in all major details in the minds of its creators, like the major motifs of a symphony in the mind of a Beethoven or a Brahms.

It is one of the greatest industrial achievements in our history. In utter secrecy, for example, a plant was constructed in the United States larger than Ford's famed Willow Run, completed months ahead of schedule, and put into

production in less than a year.

But it was more than a miracle of production—it was a miracle of organization. For his engineers and construction men, General Wolfe skimmed the cream off the Matériel Command at Wright Field. Men would be asked tactfully to volunteer, and when they got back to their desks would find their orders already cut and waiting. The ground crews and the combat crews were chosen with equal care.

Requirements for pilots were set at a minimum of two years' continuous active duty, and at least four hundred hours' experience in 4-engine aircraft; actually their average experience level was nearer three thousand hours per man. Most of them had already finished at least one tour of overseas duty. These men were veterans of Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, the Solomons, the African and Asiatic fronts, with every known medal and ribbon pinned on their chests. They had long since lost any glamorous illusions about battle. Their sole idea was to get the war over as rapidly and efficiently as possible. And one and all they believed that the new long-range bombers were the best way of accomplishing it.

General Wolfe's fetish for getting things done spread through his whole Command. The first arrivals in India were office workers, but no one else was available for the job of getting the base ready; so under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Freret, Staff Engineer, clerks and typists became plumbers and electricians overnight. The entire headquarters building was wired by the clerical

staff who had never seen an electric socket before, and thought a BX cable was something you sent home asking for money.

Skilled technicians wielded picks and sledges under the broiling Indian sun, performing such non-technical tasks as digging slit trenches and latrines. In spite of warnings about the tropic heat, men worked around the clock. An American Separate Battalion of Engineers, made up largely of Southern Negroes, astounded British and Indians alike by maintaining a 24-hour schedule, often working 12-hour shifts, seven days a week, alongside the local laborers.

THE INDIAN bases for K.B. Wolfe's project progressed at top speed. Every resource in the theatre was made available to them by Major General George Stratemeyer, Commanding General of Air Forces in the China-India-Burma sector. But a whole new problem faced the aerial engineers at the advance bases in China: there, runways long and solid enough to handle the big Superfortresses had to be built on top of centuries-old rice paddies, crisscrossed with hard-packed retaining walls and usually covered by several feet of water.

Even after the land was drained, there was no machinery, none of the usual materials for making an airstrip, nothing but hand labor and stones and mud. Unskilled coolies with homemade picks and hoes and yoke baskets were recruited by the hundreds of thousands and turned over to a couple of young engineering lieutenants and a half-dozen enlisted men. The Americans moved into the coolie

huts, subsisted on rice and tea for six weeks, sweated day and night while they tried to make clear to the grinning Chinese by sign-language what they wanted done.

It was a task as staggering as building the Great Wall of China; and it was accomplished by exactly the same means. Shuffling bow-backed coolies lugged oval-shaped rocks from river beds as far as 40 miles away. Others set the rocks in place on end, side by side, like eggs in a grocer's cardboard carton; still others mixed thick mud, poured it over the foundation and patted it in by hand. Foot by foot, layer on layer, the level rose until the runway was safely above flood danger. On one field the finished runway was 20 feet higher than the original rice paddy.

Nor was it any use to speed them up by supplementing with modern methods: somebody managed to bring in a small stone-crusher, and immediately all the coolie rock-breakers stopped to watch the wonderful machine. The American sergeants had to move the machine away again to get the coolies back to work.

Local village rivalries added to their difficulties: if the coolies from one village inadvertently missed three square feet of runway, the next gang working up to the spot would purposely leave three square feet undone, and it would require a formal conference of labor leaders complete with flowing robes and tea to get both villages together and fill in the blank six feet. But somehow the work got done. By sheer mass production, with as many as a hundred thousand men and women and children working side

by side at one field, the five hundred-foot-wide runway advanced at the incredible rate of 100 feet a day. As one sergeant admitted, mopping his brow: "It's true what they say about the Chinese . . ."

You wondered what thoughts were going through General Wolfe's mind as he watched the Super-fortresses take off from these new Chinese fields and head into the dawn. Now the preliminaries were over, you wondered if he thought of the job ahead—the job of breaking Japan's will to wage war.

Or you wondered if he thought of the late General Billy Mitchell and his predictions of aerial battleships of the future. You wondered

if he was already contemplating new designs that will displace even the present long-range bombers: if he felt that we are only on the threshold of a vast radical development in air power that will give still greater efficiency and ever longer range.

Whatever his thoughts, there was a smile on his face as he watched the great bombers head east, east toward the Rising Sun.

EDITORS' NOTE: General K. B. Wolfe returned to the United States last July. But not to relax. He's now Commanding General of the A.A.F. Matériel Command at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. His present job is supervision of engineering and procurement, production of planes and aircraft equipment.

The Marriage Derby

■ IN THE HUSTLING CROWD which thronged the railroad station, a glamor girl in a bridal veil was waving to a corporal on the rear platform of an outgoing train. Suddenly her face registered panic. "Darling," she shrieked, "I forgot to ask you. What is our last name?"—*Montreal Daily Herald*

■ "Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them."—SYDNEY SMITH

■ THE BOSS, short of help, was urging his secretary to postpone her marriage.

"Can't you ask the young man to wait a few weeks?" he queried.

"No," she said, "I don't feel I know him that well." —ERNE HARWELL

■ AFTER HER ROLES in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* and *Mrs. Miniver*, Greer Garson was discouraged to find that men had begun to believe she was as reserved

and dignified as the heroines she portrayed. But when she first met Richard Ney, he noticed her flame-colored hair, bowed politely and said, "Hello, Red!" P.S. He married her.—LOUIS HIRSCH

■ RASTUS BROWN was too bashful to propose to his girl in person, so he called her on the telephone.

"Mandy," he began shyly, "I got me a little farm out in the country. I got a cow, a dozen chickens, a pig, a mule and a horse and buggy. What I wants to know is—will you-all marry me?"

Came the quick reply, "Course I will, honey—and who is this speakin'?"

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

■ AN ACQUAINTANCE once asked H. P. Davison, of J. P. Morgan & Company, where he was born. "Bridgeport," was the reply.

"But I thought you were born in Englewood."

"Yes," he replied. "But I met my wife in Bridgeport."—IRVING HOFFMAN



Thieves often give ingenious reasons for stealing; but those who have stolen the art treasures of the world top them all

A Gallery of Thieves

by GEORGE WISWELL

A FEW MONTHS AGO an adroit thief caught guards napping at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and slipped out with a painting by Simone Martini worth five thousand dollars. As art thefts go, it was unspectacular. Still, it served as a poignant reminder that the world's great art treasures are prey to mentally warped art lovers and to naïve and unprincipled crooks who think they can sell them.

The lifting of Leonardo da Vinci's famous *Mona Lisa* from the Louvre is, of course, the best known piece of art larceny in the books.

It turned up after two years when the thief, Vincenzo Perugia, unaccountably tried to peddle it to a dealer in Florence. He said he had acted with patriotic intentions, wishing to return to Italy the *chef d'oeuvre* of her greatest son and at the same time get revenge on France for looting Italian art during the Napoleonic campaigns. He testified that he had intended to take another picture but was "bewitched" by the smile of the *Mona Lisa*. The dealer who turned him over to authorities received rewards

totaling 46 thousand dollars. Perugia was sentenced to a long jail term and died in 1926.

"No more thefts," Louvre authorities confidently promised.

That promise held for more than 25 years, but exploded into mockery in 1939 with the disappearance of Watteau's tiny painting, *L'Indifférent*. It was no larger than a sheet of stationery, but so exquisitely painted that it was valued at 100 thousand dollars.

Then, quite as suddenly as it had vanished, *L'Indifférent* reappeared. And the story of its return was better news than the theft itself.

The theft was executed under incredible difficulties. It was a sunny Sunday afternoon in mid-summer and the museum was thick with visitors. Guards were especially watchful. It took a masterful display of casualness and innocence for the thief to get out unapprehended.

The culprit was Serge Bogouslavsky, a young Russian art student. He gravely confessed to Louvre officials that he had "borrowed" the picture to improve upon it, to adjust

"errors committed by earlier restorations." *L'Indifférent* was his favorite. Year after year, as he stood before the tiny masterpiece, he became increasingly convinced that by a brush stroke here, a little shadowing there, Watteau's efforts could be brought to perfection.

Finally his endurance gave out. Every day for two weeks he visited the picture, and each time he gave the wire holding it a few twists until it hung by a mere hair of steel. On the last Sunday the painting tumbled into his hands. Working feverishly, he took off the frame, rolled the picture in a newspaper and walked past the guards, his fingers trembling, his heart in his mouth. At home, he worked slowly and carefully, making what he regarded as the appropriate changes. Thoughtfully, he constructed a new frame and returned the picture to the museum, not with remorse, but with pride in a job well done.

The final flourish of audacity was yet to be added. Before he relinquished the painting, he had taken time to finish writing a book on restorations, paying special attention to the last chapter, entitled "Why I Stole *L'Indifférent*." Many critics honestly felt that the Watteau had been improved under the student's touch.

Bogousslavsky, however, was quickly acquainted with the French penal system.

USUALLY, paintings are taken by just such bugs as Bogousslavsky, persons so insanely obsessed with the beauty of a picture that they are unable to rest until it is in their possession. Now and then a work of art will sift through the net of the

art world and turn up in a fantastic place.

Such was the case of a gilded bronze angel, eight inches high, which took mysterious flight from the Detroit Institute of Arts. It was a valuable specimen of early Italian sculpture and its disappearance made headlines for days.

At last, in response to this publicity, the angel was returned by a small boy who had found it in the park. Officials were overjoyed at recovering the statue, but they lamented the fact that the boy had not seen the papers earlier. He had drilled a small hole in each of the delicately carved wings and had sported it, like a miniature Winged Victory, on the handlebars of his bicycle.

But the wanderings of *L'Indifférent* are bush league compared with the peregrinations of *The Adoration of the Lamb*, the priceless Van Eyck altarpiece of the cathedral of St. Bavon in Ghent. In a turbulent 512-year history, this 12-paneled religious painting has been stolen almost as often as second base. It was dismantled several times and moved all over Europe for "safekeeping." Once six panels were deviously sold to the Prussian government, but came back with the Treaty of Versailles.

That's why, when a single panel disappeared one night in 1934, gossipers spoke accusingly of the Germans.

The international dirty looks ceased abruptly when the head bishop of the church received a note affirming possession of the missing panel. It demanded a million francs ransom and asked for a reply by an ad in the daily paper.

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Obediently, the bishop inserted a message hinting that the extortionist was not the real thief.

For an answer the bishop received a baggage check from the railway station. With a body of art experts and detectives, the bishop rushed to the station and claimed the package. As soon as the dingy paper wrappings were off, mouths dropped open. To prove possession of the missing panel, which had painting on both sides, the thief had sawed it in two, checking the front half at the station and holding the back half for ransom. It was a delicate job. A slip of the saw and 350 thousand dollars' worth of art would have been ruined.

Once more the bishop communicated with the burglar. Then suddenly negotiations halted. Apparently the thief was frightened off by the ever-narrowing police net. Hopes faded and vanished.

Several years later a respectable Ghent businessman died. His heirs, putting his personal papers in order, were horrified to discover evidence that he was the thief. They notified the bishop, who searched the house and combed the dead man's effects. But the fugitive panel was not to be found. A reward of 25 thousand dollars still awaits the person who turns it up.

In 1940, with the European air heavy with war, the remaining panels were sent to France in the hope they could be spared confiscation or destruction. It was a futile precaution. By 1943 the Vichy government had "presented" the panels to Goering. They were taken to Berlin where, according to Nazis, "the light was better" for exhibiting than in Paris. At last report the masterpiece was hanging in Berchtesgaden. It is there, we presume, to get the best light of all.

Sailors; Take Warning

IN ORDER TO STOP a plague of rats which broke out on a U.S. cruiser, the captain offered a dollar for every rat captured, dead or alive. The men went to work with a vengeance.

At the end of the first month, the captain inspected the rat log, which showed how many rodents each sailor had brought in, and decided to have a payoff. One sailor received a dollar, another, two dollars. Then came one sailor who had 60 checks beside his name. Surprised and a bit suspicious, the captain paid off but decided to investigate. In a dark corner of the ship's hold, he found the industrious sailor busily breeding rats.

WHEN U.S. MERCHANT SEAMEN hit Guadalcanal last year, bringing in supplies, above all else they clamored for Jap souvenirs for which they offered fantastic prices.

One enterprising marine, aware of the waiting market, walked over to Henderson Field and picked up a condemned parachute. Cutting it up into strips, he painted a ball of red on each one, then sold them to the grateful seamen at 25 dollars each as captured Jap flags. He made 750 dollars. —LLOYD SHEARER



Grin and Share It

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN



A MEDICAL OFFICER called together the members of a marine artillery unit on the evening before the Marianas Islands invasion and told them a few of the things they would have to beware of on Saipan.

"The waters are alive with venomous fish, sharks, barracuda and giant clams capable of snapping off a man's foot," he explained. "On land you must take every precaution against typhus, leprosy, dengue fever, typhoid, snakes and giant lizards. Don't eat anything growing on the islands. Don't drink the water or approach the natives."

Concluding his lecture, the doctor asked if there were any questions. One private raised his hand.

"Sir," he said, "why don't we just let the Japs keep those islands?"

—C. W. MENGES
Columbus, Ohio

SHE WAS THE square-jawed, domineering type of female who looks upon man as an unnecessary evil. When her daughter came home weeping about the cruel way her husband had treated her, the old battle-axe was all sympathy and consolation.

"Never mind, dear," she comforted. "You just pray to God and She'll help you!"

—CARROLL VAN COURT
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE DEACON was up before the church board on an accusation of drunkenness. One of the witnesses was the Irish janitor.

"Did you ever see the deacon drunk?" asked a trustee.

"No, Sir."

"Come, come," prodded the ex-

aminer, "don't you know that he was drunk last New Year's Eve?"

"No, Sir," repeated the janitor firmly. "In fact, I know he wasn't drunk."

"Just how do you know that?" snapped the board member.

"You know them three flights of stairs in the deacon's house—two of them curving," explained the Irishman. "No man is drunk who can slide down all them banisters without losing his balance."

—MANFRED FULDA
New York, N. Y.

FOR AN HOUR the querulous customer had been testing fountain pens to find one that suited him. Having tried virtually every pen in the shop, he had covered several sheets of paper with the words "Tempus Fugit."

At last the saleswoman came up with a pen she was certain he'd like, and calling on her last bit of selling technique, she said:

"Here's one that I know is going to suit you, Mr. Fugit."—AGNES DVORAK
Oakdale, Neb.

A LITTLE MORE than 20 years ago, Alfred Lunt, living in Genesee Depot, Wisconsin, received a telegram from George Tyler asking how much he would take to play the lead in a show called *Clarence*. Realizing the importance of the role, Lunt decided, after long deliberation, to ask for 200 dollars a week.

Tyler's response was immediate but puzzling. Lunt received the wire at the railroad station and read it over a second time. "ONE HUNDRED FIFTY OKAY. THE PART IS YOURS."

The chuckle of the stationmaster,

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who was also the telegraph operator, put an end to his perplexity. "Waal," drawled the oldtimer, "I see you got your job. I thought you was plain daft to ask for so much, so I just changed it for you 'cause I was scairt you'd lose it."

—RUSSEL CROUSE
New York, N. Y.

AT THE HEIGHT of Gestapo omnipresence in Germany and just before the United States entered the war, an American correspondent there went to a dentist near his office. He was troubled by an aching molar.

After the examination, the dentist informed him that the tooth would have to come out. The correspondent asked the cost and found it would be two hundred dollars.

"Are you crazy?" shouted the newsman. "Why, in the States I can get a tooth pulled for four dollars."

"Yes, I know," replied the dentist wearily. "But over there you can open your mouth. Here we have to take it out through your ear."

—LT. JEAN H. GILLESPIE
Brigham, Utah

SIX-YEAR-OLD Johnny had just started to school. After two hours on the first day, he was home.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked his mother in concern. "Why are you home so early?"

"Well, I can't read and I can't write," whimpered Johnny, "and they won't let me talk—so what's the use?"

—GERALD L. BERRY
Alberta, Canada

MAC EXTRACTED a paper from his wallet and handed it to his friend. "Sandy," he said, "I want to borrow five hundred pounds from the bank, and the banker said he'd be glad to let me have it if I'll get someone to guarantee it. Will ye sign this paper for me? It's just a formality, the banker tells me."

"I'm surprised at ye, Mac," re-

sponded Sandy. "We've been friends all these years. If ye wanted the money why didn't ye come straight to me? I'll lend ye the money—and let the banker guarantee it."

—JEAN M. CARTER
Inglewood, Calif.

THE PREACHER was extremely long-winded one Sunday. After he had been going on for some time, one conscientious churchgoer remembered the roast she had in the oven at home. Fearing it would be burned, she scribbled a note to her husband, who was a deacon. She slipped it to an usher with instructions to deliver it, but, misunderstanding her, the usher proceeded up to the pulpit.

Pausing in his sermon, the preacher took the note, opened it and read, "For heaven's sake, go home and turn off the gas!"

—E. P. CARVILLE
Governor of Nevada

A COLORED warrior was explaining judo to a friend.

"It's just a lowdown mean form of wrasslin' that you might know a Jap would think of. When you gits to close-in fightin', you exten's the glad hand of fellowship to the enemy, and while you is shaking hands, you sprains his ankle so he can't run while you breaks his neck."

—FRED W. MAY
Chicago, Ill.

APPLYING FOR a life insurance policy, the Texas cowboy had just assured the examiner that he hadn't met with any accidents in the past two years.

"Nothing serious has happened to you recently, then?" queried the insurance man.

"Well," began the cowhand, "my horse kicked me last fall and caved in two ribs, and a rattlesnake bit me on the ankle this summer."

"Don't you call those accidents?" cried the examiner angrily.

"Accidents, heck!" returned the Texan. "They did it on purpose!"

—ELBERT SHEA
Bonham, Tex.

You may not know his name, but if you lived *The Song of Bernadette*, you succumbed to the mood music of Alfred Newman



Music Works for Alfred Newman

by SIDNEY CARROLL

ALFRED NEWMAN is a man who does three things to music. He composes it, he conducts it, he cans it. Newman is the General Musical Director of 20th Century-Fox.

A Musical Director is ordinarily a sort of foreman of a musical factory. He doesn't have to know too much about music; he does have to know everything there is to know about the vast process of pasting music on the sound track, and he has to know a good deal about cost accounting. A Musical Director is usually about 66% businessman, about 32% technician, and 2% musician. But Alfred Newman is Hollywood's great exception to the rule. He is equal parts executive, artist, and mechanic. Whereas the average Musical Director spends most of his time behind a desk, Newman's life is lived in a sort of three-ring circus. He works behind a desk, over a piano, and on top of a podium.

Newman has thrice received an Academy Award. He received this year's Oscar for the musical job he did on *The Song of Bernadette*. He had received one statuette before

for *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and one for *Tin Pan Alley*. The "Bernadette" award was an out and out recognition of his talents as composer and conductor, for the music that accompanied *Bernadette* Soubriou from her ecstasy to her sanctification was 99 per cent Newman, composed and conducted by him. The previous awards, on the other hand, were tributes to the technical and executive sides of the many-sided Newman, for the "scores" of those two films were composed by other composers. On those pictures Newman had to put the music on a belt line, where it was arranged and cut and trimmed, and little "incidental" tricks were done to it before it was finally wrapped neatly in cans.

Newman is a short, dark fellow with a tough jaw and lots of black hair like black wire. In Hollywood, where the feudal system is perpetuated to a nice degree, Newman operates a sort of dukedom of his own. When it comes to music at 20th Century-Fox, the home grounds and bastion of a certain Mr. Zanuck, Newman is given a

free hand. He hires his own men, fires them. His office is the regulation stadium size, with a baby grand tucked away in one corner. Newman has a male secretary who takes his dictation and brews his frequent cups of black coffee. He also has, in the inviolate tradition, his own tiled shower and bathroom outside his office door. A little beyond that is Newman's own projection room where he spends a good part of the day with his staff watching the new 20th Century films unreel. In this projection room Newman, squirming endlessly, curled up gnome-like in his chair in the dark, dictates his ideas to the secretary who sits behind him at a table with a shaded light on it.

WHEN NEWMAN looks at films in this projection room, they have either no music at all in them or, as in the case of the super-special musicals, they are already endowed with the main musical numbers but they lack the backbone of a running musical background. Newman "breaks them down"—that is, he watches them reel by reel and he gives a play-by-play description of his ideas for the musical background. "In that spot where she hits the guy in the eye . . . play two bars of *Irish Washerwoman* . . . When he looks at her, about three seconds of straight melody . . . mushy stuff . . . That zither should come in stronger . . ." It is a running fire of musical patois, delivered in Newman's heavy, authoritative voice. When the film has been run several times and has been thoroughly broken down, musically speaking, the lights go on. Newman leans back, assigns

his various men, the arrangers, orchestrators, the cutters, the instrumentalists, to their various jobs.

Newman learned his job in the usual, or hard, way. He is the oldest of his mother's 10 children. When Alfred was 12 he was already a better breadwinner than Papa ever was. He was a prodigy on the piano, billed in concerts as "Alfred Newman, the Wonderful Boy Pianist." He studied with the great Sigismond Stojowski. Paderewski once said of him, "The boy plays wonderfully well and has a promising future." But the 10 other Newmans at home couldn't fill their stomachs on patronage from Stojowski and praise from Paderewski, and the Wonderful Boy Pianist had to look for a paying job. During those years when the truant officers should have been looking for him he was playing in night clubs and cabarets around New York. The Boy Wonder did not succumb to popular taste. Wherever he went he played Beethoven, Bach, Mozart—in between the dancers and the dirty jokes. The night club customers were flabbergasted by the music, but the Wonderful Boy Pianist was a cute item and he caught on.

Newman gradually moved into the more commercial fields of music because the 10 mouths at home got bigger and hungrier. When he was still in his teens he became a conductor for Broadway musical shows. He was conducting George White's "Scandals" when he was 20 years old.

In 1929 he went to Hollywood to do a job for Irving Berlin, a job that was supposed to keep him in Hollywood for three weeks. He has extended his stay to the point where

he counts this his fifteenth year in Hollywood. He started working for 20th Century when Zanuck started the company, and in 1939 he was made General Musical Director of the studio.

NEWMAN's work is mainly concerned with two types of film. There is the musical film and there is the non-musical, or straight, film. The musical film is more of a technical job than a creative one for Newman. The most audible part of the music, the so-called "score," will have been composed by men especially imported for the job—a Jerome Kern or an Irving Berlin.

There is this well-known peculiarity about Hollywood's method of making musical films: much of the music is recorded and canned *before* the film itself is made. The process goes something like this: the story and the music are written first. The musical sequences are mapped out. Then Newman is given the score and the maps for the musical sequences, and he sets his machinery in motion. He assigns it to the arrangers first. When it comes back from the arrangers Newman himself stands up, faces a gigantic studio orchestra and conducts the music for the recording machines. These studio orchestras are wonderful mechanisms—large, alert, studied with superb musicians from all over the world who have been attracted to Hollywood by the fat 10 dollars an hour minimum fees. These men and women have worked under the world's greatest conductors; Newman is one of their favorites. He is always aware of the calibre of the magnificent instrument he plays when he waves a baton.

After the music has been recorded, Newman hands it over to the producer and director of the film. Then, and only then, do they sit down with their actors and make their picture. Thus, when the hero sings his love songs on the set before the cameras, he is merely opening and closing his mouth to synchronize with sounds he made in the recording rooms a few days before. When the picture itself has been completely filmed, it is given back to Newman, at which stage of the game he "breaks it down." He gives it the musical embellishments, the microscopic pieces of music that fly by on the screen like voices in the wind, barely impinging upon the consciousness of the audience.

The second kind of film which Newman is required to handle is the non-musical film, the straight film, dramatic or comic, made without music or without any premeditated plans for music. It is made, first and entirely, by the actors, the producer, the director, and it is then dumped into Newman's lap for the scoring. Films like *Wilson*, or *Bernadette*.

In the prologue to such films you are informed that the music was "Composed and Conducted by Alfred Newman," and on the list of credits Mr. Newman's name gets up there on the screen all by itself, accompanied by a suitable burst of music, made occasionally by harps, oftentimes by bugles. This is by way of giving credit where credit is due. The straight film is the sort of job that calls more on the talents of Newman the artist than on those of Newman the technician and director, for on such a job he is given *carte blanche*. In *Wilson* the score was

partly a hodgepodge of old tunes resurrected to establish a nostalgia for a mood and an era, and partly music by Newman. In *Bernadette* the score was slightly Gregorian chant, and overwhelmingly Alfred Newman.

When Newman was given the job of composing the score for *Bernadette* he went at it hammer and tongs. He is an extremely conscientious craftsman; he can go the whole hog. "On *Bernadette*," he says, "I turned my collar around." He buried himself in manuscripts of old church music. He went to New York, for he had heard that the church choirs in the East were among the best in the world. He took his arranger, Edward Powell, with him and together they cocked their ears to all the choral music they could find. Night and day Newman kept re-reading Werfel's book and the screenplay made from the book. Then, after the proper period of asceticism in New York, a monasticised Newman wrote his score.

There are several theories about the music in *Song of Bernadette*. Some experts say it was right, some say it was wrong. Newman himself thinks some of it was right and some of it was wrong. A movie composer's work has to be to an exact length and he has to work against a deadline. When he is finished he does not have time to ponder, polish, and correct. Newman says that if he had to do *Bernadette* over again he would change some of it. On the whole, however, he is not modest about it. "It's a good job."

It is what is known in the trade as a literal job. The music is so literal that when *Bernadette* goes into

the fields you are made to hear the sound of trees in the breeze, of water in the brook, even of crickets chirping—and not in special sound effects but in the music itself. Newman's big triumph in the film comes in the appearance of the Virgin. What he did in that sequence is a musician's trick but it can be explained in non-musical terms. As *Bernadette* kneels in front of the grotto at Massabielle and a light begins to strike her face and the audience first perceives that *Bernadette* is about to behold the vision, the music for the Virgin theme starts up, but it is out of focus. It is in two pieces, like two runners coming to the tape, one slightly ahead of the other. As the light grows stronger one part of the music, the second runner, begins to catch up with the first. Then the audience itself sees *Bernadette*'s vision, and the music slides completely into focus. The Virgin appears, the tape is breasted, the music comes in in a dead heat.

There is this sad fact about movie background music. Years ago Newman composed the score for Goldwyn's *Street Scene*. Included in that score was a theme which has become one of the more popular melodies of our time. It was meant to catch the mood—the streets, the skyline—of New York. In any references to New York the radio people work it to the bone. Yet for years the tune had no name, no lyric. When you hear it you recognize it immediately, but you cannot give it a name, nor, in all probability, can you say who composed it. Anonymity dogs the composer of "background" music. The case of the *Street Scene* tune is a major ex-

ception because it has become so popular over the years that it has finally been given a song and a lyric. It is now known as *Sentimental Rhapsody*. But Newman has written tunes just as good, or better, that have become lost in the great limbo.

"Background" is an enormous word. There are all kinds of musical backgrounds. The most frequently heard is what is known in the trade as "Mickey Mouse" music. To "Mickey Mouse" a scene is to give it an obbligato of obvious sounds. Thus, when the hero kicks the heroine in the pants and you hear a great "zoom" on the trombone, the composer is Mousing it. When a man trips and falls on his nose and the music goes "ping! pong!" the ghost of Mickey Mouse is somewhere in the neighborhood. When the cops chase the crooks to the accompaniment of the William Tell Overture, the muse of music is Mickey Mouse. Newman doesn't like to Mickey Mouse it.

Opposed to the Mickey school, of course, is the composer who tries

to make background music that is a complement, not a direct comment—music that is music and not a sound effect.

People go to the movies for many reasons. But among moviegoers, whatever their motivation, the rarest bird of all is the one who goes to the movies because he wants to hear the music. It is a rare fan indeed, a veritable freak among fans, who knows about the men who compose music for the films.

And yet, the men of music—the composers, the arrangers—are the most reliable creative workers in the business. The best actors sometimes turn in bad acting jobs, the best directors occasionally belie their own reputations. But the men of music are always good. The good composers never fall down. You might take, for one example, this short, dark fellow named Alfred Newman. He has worked on quite a few stinkers in his time, because stinkers come naturally in his line of work. But the experts in such things will tell you this: he has never stunk up the music.

Safety Measure



ON EITHER SIDE of all British merchant ships is a white circle with a horizontal line through the center known as "Plimsoll's mark." Years ago avaricious traders loaded their vessels to where even a calm sea was awash with the deck. In a storm these overloaded ships hadn't a chance, and the loss of life and vessels was appalling. When Samuel Plimsoll, a coal merchant, was elected to Parliament, he immediately introduced a bill to regulate the load-limit of ships. Though it met bitter opposition from traders, the act was passed. Today Plimsoll's mark, accurately determined by the ship's tonnage or cargo space, sets the maximum depth to which a vessel may be loaded. And Plimsoll himself has gone down in history as the sailor's friend.

—S. HERBERT WILLIAMS

Sulfa drugs are miracle workers; but they can also be grave trouble-makers if patients ignore their doctor's orders after taking



Get Wise to Your Sulf!

by ALBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN, M.D.

THE GIRL AWOKE with a scream. A boyish voice asked, reassuringly: "Remember, we were married last night?" The girl became wild-eyed. She jumped out of bed, grabbed her clothes and, rushing toward the door, fell limp on the floor in a faint.

When the doctor arrived the girl had regained consciousness but was sobbing hysterically. Under the spell of a sedative she told her story. For months she had devoted every available moment to Canteen work, dancing with the boys in service. One day she became ill and was ordered to bed by her physician who prescribed a full dose of a sulfa drug. The young lady felt better the following night and was determined to go to the Canteen, even though she had been told to stay in bed. On the dance floor she felt giddy and weak. She leaned heavily against a boy in uniform. The words that followed between the two ended in a drive over the state line to a Justice of the Peace.

The physician understood and chalked up another defeat for a

miracle drug, a drug which saves thousands of lives and yet, by some strange quirk, is capable of wrecking them. Every once in a while the sulfa drugs play unpredictable pranks on both the mind and the body and it is wise to know what these may be, for sooner or later you may take one of the half dozen popular varieties, if you haven't done so already. Perhaps it will be sulfanilamide. It may be sulfadiazine, sulfaguanidine, sulfapyridine, sulfathiazole, sulfamerazine or some new sulfa preparation that will be announced soon. It all depends on what your ailment happens to be and which one of the sulfa drugs is best suited for a quick recovery.

They are wonderful drugs—all of them. Generally speaking, they are relatively safe if given under strict medical supervision. However, each sulfa drug has its own peculiarities with which every physician is familiar. One thing a physician does *not* know is how you are going to react to the drug. He doesn't worry too much about this, however, because the urgency of the sulfa may outweigh any conse-

quent reactions. Nevertheless, he gives his patients a list of "do's and don'ts" with each prescription in order to keep such after-effects at a minimum. As a rule the patient promptly forgets these vital instructions.

One young man was given a full dose of a sulfa drug for a venereal infection and told to stay home for a few days. Such advice seemed ridiculous because he felt no bad effects at all from the medicine. In fact, he felt very good. On his way to work he drove his car at a moderate speed of 30 miles per hour. A little girl crossed the road ahead of him and he confidently applied his brakes. He was amazed when, somehow, his car struck the child.

Subsequent investigation revealed that the sulfa drug slowed the reaction time of his mind one-fifth of a second. This seems insignificant, but within that fraction of a second he traveled an additional nine feet before he applied the brakes. Within those nine feet he was guilty of homicide because he had failed to follow his doctor's instructions.

Pilots are forbidden to fly their planes until at least four days have passed since taking the last dose of a sulfa drug. They are quite likely to become mentally sluggish at the wrong moment. Another reason is that a pilot's ceiling is reduced about five thousand feet under the influence of "sulf." Ordinarily, a pilot can fly as high as 15 thousand feet without requiring an additional supply of oxygen. When drugged with sulf his ceiling is 10 thousand feet, maybe less. A pilot who hides the fact he is taking sulf so that he

may fly his plane is not playing square with the members of his crew, whose lives depend on his keen judgment.

Some unexpected effects are amusing. A debutante was being presented to society at a lawn party in one of the most conservative, aristocratic mansions in the South. She sipped one cocktail. *Just one.* A few minutes later she became shockingly frivolous and then suddenly announced that she was a fairy queen and began dancing wildly across the lawn. This startling incident created quite a furor. It revealed, among other things, an interesting fact:

A horse had kicked the girl's shin a week previously. A few days later her leg became alarmingly inflamed. The family doctor gave her sulfathiazole and the infection cleared up almost overnight. She took the drug another day just to be sure that everything was under control—and then came the party and the cocktail. What followed will keep gossips busy for several years.

One can be fairly sure that few storytellers will relate that the girl was an innocent victim of circumstances beyond her control. Not even her doctor anticipated that her sulf-loaded body would greatly exaggerate the effect of alcohol so that one drink would make her hilariously intoxicated. *Liquor and sulf make a dangerous partnership.*

ANOTHER GIRL got quite a different reaction from a dose of sulfa. Fairly well loaded with sulfanilamide she decided to take a slow walk once around the block to enjoy the fresh air and high noon sun.

That night, about to take a bath, she discovered her body was covered with an amazing type of rash. It definitely was photographic, clearly outlining the clothes she wore. The intensity of the rash varied with the extent the sun's rays were able to penetrate her clothes.

Persons who deliberately expose their bodies to the sun on the beaches can get a rash which may be disabling for a long time, particularly if the eyes become affected. Obviously, ultra-violet treatments should also be avoided while taking sulfa. Exposure to X-rays is also inadvisable.

The crystals of the various sulfa drugs make a beautiful picture when viewed through a microscope. Sulfadiazine looks like tied stacks of needles. Sulfapyridine resembles a fan made of layers of cut glass or razor blades, and so on. There is nothing beautiful, however, about the sulfa crystals when their sharp edges and points dig into the tender lining of the tubes which lead from the kidneys to the bladder. Worse, the crystals may become so entangled in the tube that they form an obstructive mass which prevents the passage of urine.

This crystallization of the sulfa drugs can be prevented by being sure there is plenty of fluid for them to stay in solution and by keeping the body well alkalinized. Ordinary baking soda serves this latter purpose quite well. The tendency to crystallize is great when sulfa drugs are in an acid medium, and urine is ordinarily acid.

Certain sulfa drugs are much more soluble than others and may not require these precautions, but the effort to prevent trouble is so

slight it does not pay to take chances. Taking care of a detail can prevent a catastrophe. And the detail is nothing more than drinking plenty of water and being sure to take the prescribed amount of baking soda your physician recommends.

It is against the law for a druggist to dispense any of the sulfa drugs without a physician's order. However, there are many thousands of sulfa tablets in home medicine cabinets left over from previous illness. Such easy availability gives the impression that sulf is no more harmful than aspirin. In fact, why bother with aspirin when sulf tablets are handy? Such fallacious reasoning is the cause of considerable trouble and grief.

In the first place sulfa drugs are never given for illnesses which can be treated effectively by other medicines. Nor are they used to prevent or treat ordinary colds, in spite of a general opinion to the contrary. Secondly, if an illness does require a sulfa drug, how is one to know which sulf to use? One preparation may be extremely valuable whereas another may be worthless. A third argument against the promiscuous use of sulf is the danger of wrong dosage. Too little sulf gives the germs a chance to build up an immunity against the drug. Too much sulf can cause a serious reaction.

It should not be assumed from what has been said that everything that goes wrong with a person while taking a sulfa drug is necessarily a reaction to the drug. When administered intelligently there is a wide margin of safety. The sulfa drugs are capable of performing

quent reactions. Nevertheless, he gives his patients a list of "do's and don'ts" with each prescription in order to keep such after-effects at a minimum. As a rule the patient promptly forgets these vital instructions.

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It should not be assumed from what has been said that everything that goes wrong with a person while taking a sulfa drug is necessarily a reaction to the drug. When administered intelligently there is a wide margin of safety. The sulfa drugs are capable of performing

wonders. Let us not turn them into blunders.

Summarizing quickly, when taking a sulfa drug:

1. Do not make any important decisions. Do not sign a contract unless previously determined to do so.
2. Do not drive a vehicle or handle potentially dangerous machinery.
3. Do not expose yourself to the sun,

ultra-violet or X-rays unless absolutely necessary.

4. Do not drink any alcoholic beverages.

5. Drink plenty of water.

6. Take baking soda unless otherwise ordered by your physician.

7. Do not be an experimental guinea pig. Do exactly what your doctor orders. No more. No less.

Musical Notes

■ **ENRICO CARUSO**, the great Italian singer, always abstained from food before an opera performance because he believed the ideal situation involved performing on an empty stomach—before a well-fed audience.

He would illustrate his point by striking an empty crystal goblet with a knife. A fine musical note, clear and strong, would result. Then, filling the glass, he would strike it again, producing a dull, flat and unlovely sound.

—EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL

■ **WHEN THE FAMOUS** Austrian pianist, Paul Wittgenstein, lost his right arm during the First World War, his musical career seemed shattered. But not to Wittgenstein. After leaving the hospital, he painstakingly set to work developing the technique of his left hand. Then he set about to build a concert repertoire by transcribing for one hand many of the piano masterpieces. At the end of trying months, he returned to the stage—the only one-armed concert pianist in the world. Now a recognized artist, he has appeared throughout the world, and renowned composers have written new works expressly for his use.

■ **RUDOLPH KOLISCH** had spent years preparing to become a concert violinist, when the middle finger of his left hand was crushed and the fingertip amputated. Although his teachers advised him to turn to other endeavors, Kolisch

refused to admit defeat and decided to become a left-hand violinist—that is, he reversed the usual procedure by using his left hand for the bow and the right hand for the fingering. After a long period of readjustment and renewed study, he became one of the greatest string-quartet players, founder and leader of the world-famous Kolisch Quartet.

—DAVID EWEN

■ **THE MOST APPRECIATIVE** musical audience I ever encountered in America was in a Connecticut lunch wagon where I had stopped for coffee.

There had been a good deal of clatter until the Sunday evening symphonic program came on over the air. Then the counterman stopped washing dishes—and listened. The man next to me set his cup down very carefully, the waitress stopped stacking dishes—and both listened.

By that time the place was comparatively quiet, but the counterman scowled at four hamburgers sizzling on the griddle and carefully removed them. This gave the waitress an idea.

She went to the end of the lunch wagon and took down a duck that had been roasting noisily on a spit. The silence was then complete.

The incident was a more profound tribute to the power of good music than the applause of many a more cosmopolitan group of music lovers.

—JOSÉ ITURBI

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Picture Story:

The Miracle of Moscow

by JOSEPH DAVIES

ON JULY 17, 1944, the biggest laugh on an erstwhile conqueror in all history took place in Moscow's Red Square, when 20 German generals, in full regalia and with Iron Crosses clanking, led 57 thousand abject supermen to prison camps along the very streets Hitler had chosen for a victory parade barely three years before.

Then the Wehrmacht surged toward Moscow along a 200-mile front in a tidal wave of men and fire and steel. Nearing the capitol, the Nazis began meeting a fanatic breed of fighting men—the People's Army who, armed with light machine guns, waited for the Ger-

mans everywhere; beside bridges, in ditches, in trenches their women-folk scooped out of the earth. In fury, Hitler called them "swamp animals" as they fought and died, paying with their lives for the time the Red Army needed to bring up reserves. Because they held, the Nazi wave broke ten miles short of Moscow the day before Pearl Harbor, washed back to the Russian border and beyond it . . . into Europe and onto our common victory. Appropriately, the miracle of Moscow—the beginning of the end—is celebrated this month in the pictures of Sergei Strunin, a Red Army photographer.





1. *Moscow on June 22, 1941 . . . the day the Nazis poured across Russia's border and the battle of the titans began. The offensive pointed toward Moscow, hub of Russia's government and center of her plane and automotive industries.*



2. *The army was coming that had driven the British from Dunkirk's beaches. But in Moscow there was no sense of doom, the like of which paralyzed Paris before its fall. Women marched out to dig trenches on the city's outskirts.*

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3. *In factories, trade schools, shops, workers turned out simple but deadly submachine guns by the thousands . . . There was to be no more clothing for civilians; no heat for their homes; no more food than was necessary to keep them alive and working.*



4. *The guns would be used by the Volunteer Divisions—just ordinary big city citizens, between the ages of 18 and 50, who volunteered to dam back the Germans in any way they could. Moscow's people were reminded that they stemmed from people who . . .*



5. *Vanquished the Teutonic knights in the 13th century and Napoleon in the 19th. And though the booming of the guns came ever closer, the Red Army still marched in Red Square. It wasn't so different from other armies, according to observers . . .*

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6. *If it had fewer tanks, then it had more artillery, and its war machines were adapted to Russian fighting conditions. Its secret weapons were: its fighting heart, iron discipline and backing afforded by total mobilization of a nation's wealth.*



7. *Now Nazi planes hummed overhead and the city was a beleaguered citadel. In England, mass meetings clamored for a second front. Americans read the news and wondered "Can it happen to us?" "Could we take it?"*



8. *The summer of Russia is all sunshine and warmth; green fields and ripening grain. But in the sunny, open country, armies locked and death was the harvest.*

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- 9.** *The Germans believed that Russian quislings would rise to betray the land. Instead, everyone fought them—women and children, city people and peasants. And the Nazis, in rage, killed, burned, plundered.*



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- 10.** *In three great drives, the Germans surged toward Moscow. One began on June 22, 1941, the opening day of the war; another on October 3, after Smolensk's fall; the last on November 16.*



- 11.** *The Soviet plan was to pull back, to keep Soviet forces intact; to punish the enemy wherever possible, but always to pull back toward the city, waiting for the right time for the counter-offensive.*




- 12.** *Still they came—column after column of crack Nazi tank and infantry divisions smashing through villages, along highways, to within 15 miles of the capital. Covering planes roared through the skies . . . Some were shot down.*

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An aerial, black-and-white photograph showing a wide city street during a military operation. Numerous tanks are positioned across the street, some in columns and others more scattered. Groups of soldiers are visible on the sidewalks and between the tanks. The street is flanked by buildings, and the overall scene suggests a major battle or a strategic maneuver in an urban environment.

13. *The golden Russian summer, so suited for German mobile warfare, waned; ice thickened in the rivers; the time was about ripe for Zhukov to slug back at the invader.*



14. *It began on the night of December 5, 1941 . . . Early on the morning of the 6th just before dawn, seven Russian armies and two cavalry corps were attacking all along the line.*



15. *While the Germans suffered the tortures of the freezing and the damned in their light summer uniforms, the Russians brought on superb winter equipment . . .*

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16. Guns, tanks, trucks were all painted white; white cloth camouflaged artillery positions; anti-freeze was used to prevent the oil in guns from hardening.

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17. The world's best cavalry force was now in its element, for the descendants of the fighting Cossacks had a mobility in the snows no tanks could match. Sabers drawn, screaming like madmen, they charged at night under the light of the new moon.



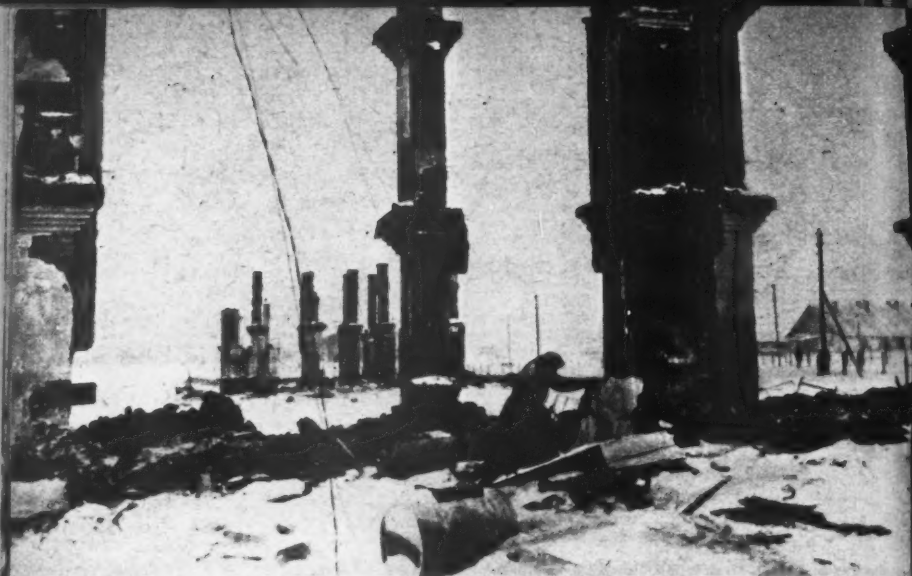
18. *Miracles were performed on the medical front. The people looked after one another, and it was impossible to find a Russian, male or female, above the age of 14 who wasn't contributing directly to the war.*



19. *Guerrillas took to the woods and swamps and made night sorties into occupied villages; they took no prisoners, expected no mercy if captured. This 22-year-old woman guerrilla fighter met death by hanging.*



20. *On the one side were ranged men who knew the countryside and fought savagely for their homes. Many died and their graves were gashed from the frozen earth.*



21. *On the other side, the enemy—men who were terrified at fighting without tank or plane protection, which grew ever less formidable as the winter progressed. And back the Germans began to roll, through towns they had gutted, like this.*



22. *Along the way, Russians met ruins of human beings too . . . German soldiers frozen to death, with no foot protection other than rags wrapped about their feet. The rags were often as not the garments of Russian men and women.*

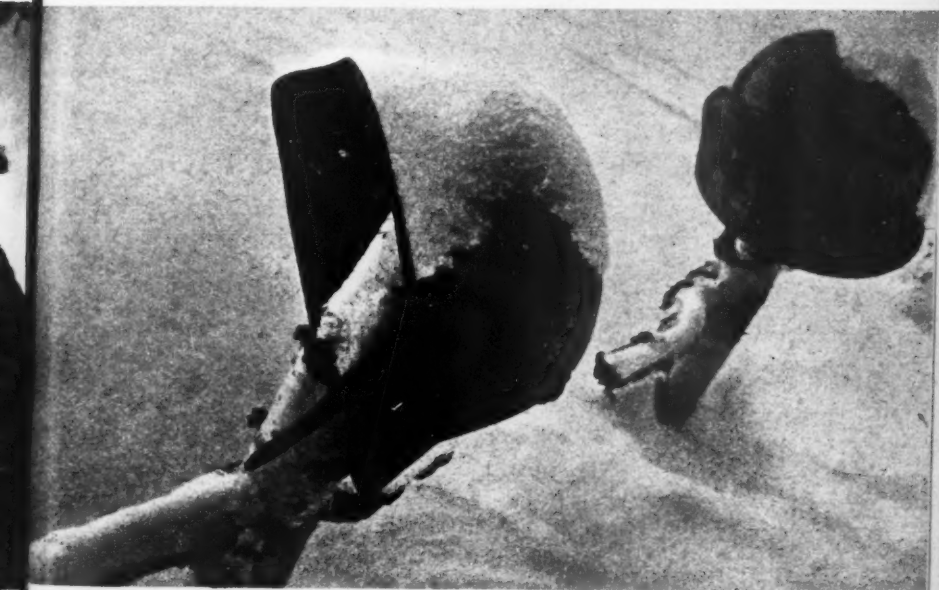
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23. *Now the prisoners began streaming in, wounded, starved, frozen, dazed by the pounding of Russian artillery, cocksure no longer.*



24. *Never in history had such scenes of destruction been seen . . . tanks with turrets blown off, dying horses, still-burning houses, and always the dead . . . some of them decently buried, others not.*



25. *This was the German who got nearest Moscow. Another generation of conquerors lay buried in Russian soil—a conqueror who might have taken the lives of countless American boys, had it not been for the Miracle of Moscow.*

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No Sympathy, Please



—Algiers (by Cable to Coronet)

"LILACS AGAIN," he said. "Cripes, that's another year."

We were walking through a little park. I hadn't seen him—this fellow who was talking about lilacs—for nearly two years.

"How the hell do you know there's lilacs?" I demanded. It's best to be harsh with this fellow. His name is, unbelievably, René Clair, and he is an American who lived in Vermont and progressed, by a complicated series of transfers, from the Royal Canadian Air Force to the RAF to the Free French Forces, and finally wound up at a dismal place called Bir Hacheim, where the French were pushed around by the Germans.

They didn't have very good weapons in those days, and they hadn't learned to use the weapons they had. Bir Hacheim was René's last battle.

"How do you know there's lilacs?" I said. "There's also palm trees. And they've taken up the pansy bed and planted canna—those things that have all the scarlet flowers. You didn't notice those, did you?" I said.

"No," he said. "You can't smell those things. But there is lilac, isn't there? You can smell lilac."

I nudged his elbow and steered him away from a tree.

"Yes, chum," I said, "there's lilac. But you wouldn't like it. It's just

ordinary lilac. Ordinary lilac color.

"Smells good," he said.

"I don't know what he smelled. Lilacs have been over for months.

We crossed the swirling street and went into a little pub. I pushed a pony of brandy at him, and his hand was steadier than mine.

"Cheers," he said, in the way we all have learned to do.

"Gung ho," I said, for that is part of the formula too.

Then he asked, "How's Kim?"

I replied that I hadn't seen Kim since he went back to England.

He felt for the edge of the bar and hung his cane on it.

"Last time I saw Kim," he said, "was around Knightsbridge. Hell of a sand storm blowing—"

And he went into a series of reminiscences as vivid as though we both could see them. Only he can't see anything but what he remembers.

I forget the name of the little town where he lives, but I know what it looks like because he told me. It has pine-covered hills around it, like all Vermont towns. He will be back there by now.

I don't know what he did for a living, but he'll get along. What he doesn't want is sympathy.

It was different with the colonel. The colonel was a broad-shouldered little man with a clipped red mustache. None of your dashing balaclava heroes—just a serious

man of business with a staff job that used to take him for weeks at a time to prosaic places like Suez and Massawa. His wife stayed behind at base while he was away.

Now you may say what you like, but the most superficial observation discloses evidence that man is not comfortable as a celibate animal. Who shall condemn the colonel's lady? Not even the colonel's friends. There was nothing furtive about her.

But one day at an airport the colonel brought his kit over and dropped it beside mine. "Off again?" I asked. You don't usually ask people where they're going, but the colonel's business didn't involve security. It shocked me when he named a place where the fighting was very sticky indeed.

"A little out of your line, isn't it?" I said.

He smiled. "Oh, we penpushers get around sometimes, too."

I can't be sure now, but I think I suspected at the time what he was up to. Not long afterward I saw his name in the paper. It was one of a list under a heading which read "Claims." They don't list them as "Killed in Action." Simply "Claims." The colonel just couldn't endure sympathy.

Perhaps every man has his own reaction to personal misfortune. Certainly the general's reaction was typical of the man. He's a good general and a hard fighter, but he has an insatiable curiosity—an impelling desire to see for himself—which often leads him into places where generals shouldn't go.

His name is Kippenberger, and he's a New Zealander. He's a big man, given to cussing, and the sun

has given his skin the color of a chocolate bar.

One day in Italy he followed his curiosity forward to have a look. He got as far as the place where a mine lay under the dirt, and of course he stepped on it.

Weeks later I happened on Paddy Costello, a New Zealand intelligence officer. "I saw him in the hospital," Paddy said, telling me about the general's accident. "He's lost both legs."

You get so after a while you don't weep about people getting hurt. You just feel sorry. Paddy and I felt sorry for Kip for a minute. Paddy told me what Kip had said.

"I'm going to a place north of London," Kip told Paddy. "It's a place where they make artificial legs. I'm going to get two of them. And when I get used to them, I'm going to demand the 'div' back."

One of these days Kippenberger will go storming to Freyberg or Montgomery or Churchill demanding that he be restored to command of the New Zealand division.

"He'll get it, too," said Paddy Costello. "He doesn't need any sympathy." — CHESTER MORRISON

"Chicora Delight"

Bird dog mettle fairly bristles in this championship stance of "Chicora Delight." But it wasn't always so. Before Mike Seminatore took her in hand, this black and white English setter was an outlaw. She's a double champion now and has repaid her trainer many-fold by producing five field trial winners in two litters. With eight years behind her, she's still considered one of the greatest grouse dogs of all time. It's good hunting for a sure shot with Chicora covering the field. And her long graceful lope and motionless point aren't bad to look at either.

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Left burning for days, an iron charred through to the basement without causing a fire. It had been safety-tested by U.L.

U. L. Plays It Safe

by ALLAN CARPENTER

SOME MONTHS AGO a series of mysterious theatre fires broke out over the country. Worried insurance companies called on Underwriters' Laboratories to determine the cause.

The arson-wise U.L. men left no ash unturned in their search for clues. Before many days, they announced that the fires had been traced to the butter shortage.

It seems that the majority of the blazes had started in the trash swept up after the show—trash which contained a considerable amount of popcorn, probably

dropped by hungry urchins who missed their mouths in the excitement of the villain's demise. Although butter was the customary seasoning, a substitute oil had been used since rationing. And corn soaked in this ersatz fat ignited by spontaneous combustion.

Spotting the origin of fires is routine to Underwriters' Laboratories. For 50 years this institution has been in the business of promoting safety, pitting its men and equipment against every conceivable danger to life and property.

When you're wheeled into the operating room, you're nervously alert to danger in the surgeon's poised scalpel. But without proper safeguards, the operating room itself might be a greater hazard. Vapors of ether and similar gases have been ignited by static sparks to cause many a tragic explosion.

At the time that precautions against this type of accident were first taken, U.L. was called in to check the results. Today, electrically-conductive rubber or compounds help to prevent the accumulation of dangerous charges of

The Lady and the Pony

Nuzzling the feed bag is a double treat for "Paint" when his personal waitress is baggy-locked Lianne Lytell. It's all part of a day at the farm for Lianne, who does as well by a sweater and blue jeans as by the slinkiest evening frock. Versatility comes natural to this charming scion of a famous theatrical family, who carted their offspring on the major circuits for the first 12 years of her life. Maybe that's why Lianne prefers modeling where New York is home base—at least most of the time. When she really settles down, she's going to rear a family—eight, she says.

CHRONICLE BY PAGANO, NEW YORK

static electricity. Electrical connections, outlet boxes and motors are protected by spark-proof boxes, and elaborate ventilating systems are often installed to draw away the vapors.

But explosions also can strike in everyday situations. While making a cake one morning, a woman found some wormy flour and threw it down the incinerator. The flour dust, mixed with just enough air to make it highly explosive, came in contact with a spark from below.

Before the woman had turned away, the doors on every floor of the chute were violently blown off their hinges, and the cake maker was struck and seriously injured.

One room of the Laboratories' main building in Chicago is devoted entirely to testing products for their explosion-proof qualities. Typical of the institution's super-sleuths is the man in charge of this section, Mr. Asa H. Nuckolls.

Commissioned to ferret out the reason for a passenger plane's literal disintegration in takeoff, he had just the mangled bits of wreckage as evidence. His unshakable conclusion was that only nitroglycerin could have been responsible.

Since it seemed impossible that nitro was aboard, authorities were skeptical. It was not until three years later that a dying criminal confessed he had hidden the deadly explosive on the plane to escape detection of police who were waiting at the field when he left the ship. He was unable to get back aboard before the plane took off and exploded seconds later.

Everything inflammable or explodable has been tested by U.L.'s detonator detectives—paints, var-

nishes, refrigerator gases, Christmas tree trimmings, gift wrappings and even baby pants.

It was a number of years ago that dozens of unexplained fires brought Nuckolls to the scene. He found the "arsonist" quickly enough—a new kind of baby pants just on the market, which slowly oxidized and caused spontaneous combustion. Not on the babies, it should be added hastily, but on stock pile shelves.

Work with explosives is but a small part of the Laboratories' job. A major task is testing the safety of household objects—electric irons, toasters, heaters, radios and other appliances. If they survive the Laboratories' torture chambers, they rate the familiar U.L. seal of approval, and chances are almost zero that any of these ordinary devices will give you the "hot-finger"—or worse.

Surprisingly, properly constructed appliances will not cause fire no matter how long they are left with the current flowing.

One family went on an extended vacation, leaving their iron plugged into the current. They returned to find that the iron had charred its way through the ironing board cover, the board itself, through the floor and into the basement and was hanging suspended by its cord with the current still on—all without setting fire to anything.

With untested equipment, this story would undoubtedly have had a different ending.

Deliberate deception is rarely encountered by U.L. officials, but there is one case of a manufacturer who met his rival just outside the Laboratories' door. He was going

in to have a new model of his product tested, and he proudly displayed it to his competitor.

"Why," the other howled, "you can't market an expensive gadget like that competitively!"

"I know," replied the smooth operator. "But this is the one I'm going to let Underwriters' test. The ones I sell won't be like this."

He soon found, however, that the initial test is only the beginning. U.L. men are everywhere examining products just as they leave the factories. If they fail to meet the original standards, the manufacturer is called to account. Almost always this failure is accidental.

"Most manufacturers," Laboratories' engineers will tell you, "are fanatical in their endeavors to give customers their money's worth and protect them from possible harm."

THE DOLLARS-AND-CENTS value of such a philosophy was proved in the lightning rod industry. For many years almost every farm barn was rodded. Then slick salesmen began to flood the market with inferior products. When buildings were consistently struck in spite of them, lightning rods went out of fashion.

Underwriters' were called in by reputable lightning rod manufacturers to test and certify their products. The Laboratories' men knew that if lightning rods are manufactured from the right kind of materials, and most important, properly installed, they are virtually 100 per cent efficient. In fact, many engineers claim that the lightning rod does its job more efficiently than any mechanical device yet created by man.

Under U.L.'s seal of approval, lightning rods regained their reputation. Now most farms, a large proportion of swanky suburban dwellings and even historic trees are painstakingly rodded.

All over the main U.L. building, which, incidentally, is said to be the most fire-resistive structure anywhere, are complicated testing devices. "Fireproof" floors and ceilings are tortured in a brick-walled furnace where the temperature is 2,000° F. and up. Great tongues of fire lick out over flame-proofed lumber; steel tanks split their seams like paper cartons under tons of water pressure; fire doors collapse in blazing infernos; radios, irons, fire-alarm systems, toasters and all the rest are forced to give up their electrical ghosts.

But most awe-inspiring is the testing of safes. After blasting heat has baked a 10-ton monster for hours, it is fished out and hoisted up and up into the dim recesses of a three-story tower. Then with the whistling charge of a blockbuster, it hurtles down on an enormous concrete block.

Without a moment's pause, it is whisked back into the furnace where tests are made to see if its now rheumatic joints still stand up under the strain. For if a safe on the upper floor of a building fell through to another hotbed of flames in the basement, its contents would still be ruined if the fall had split open its seams. If after this trial by fire the contents are intact and legible, the strongbox is passed.

At present, keeping a bunch of yeggs from cracking the strongbox of our world is occupying the time and facilities of the Underwriters'

Laboratories. Testing materials for the armed forces keeps five hundred engineers at work in three testing stations and the high explosives laboratory. In addition, there are 175 U.L. inspection offices in principal manufacturing cities of this country, Canada and England, and a total of 375 thousand products bear the U.L. seal of approval.

In spite of its size and complexity, Underwriters' Laboratories is a non-profit enterprise, supported entirely by the manufacturers and

insurance underwriters it serves. All funds in excess of operational expenses are returned.

Just prior to the war, U.L. was testing the safety features of every style and make of passenger automobile in this country, and most of the trucks and buses. The impression was strong after a visit to this part of the Laboratories that if the users of U.L.-tested equipment could be made to qualify for the U.L. tag of approval, there would be virtually no accidents.

On Borrowed Time

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, the Rector of Epworth, England, was awakened by the crackling of flames. Hurriedly he awakened his wife and the eight children who were home and herded them out of the house, where they stood silently watching the ghastly blaze. Suddenly they discovered one child was missing. The rector attempted to clamber up the stairs, but they sagged and gave way under his weight. Retracing his steps in despair, he knelt in prayer.

Just then the child, completely awakened from his deep slumber, appeared in the window. Two neighbors placed themselves below, one on the shoulders of the other, and the six-year-old boy was snatched from the window just as the roof collapsed.

A few seconds more and John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church, would have lost his life.

SOME YEARS AGO IN ENGLAND, a trio of teen-aged lads was ardently engaged in a popular boyhood sport. One of the youths was cornered in the center of a rustic bridge that spanned a deep gorge. The slender tops of fir trees growing in the cleft reached to the level of the bridge walk, and the trapped boy figured that by leaping onto one of the trees and slipping down the stem-like pole, he could elude his would-be captors.

Climbing out upon the balustrade, he plunged into the summit of a tree. The weak branches failed to hold, and he crashed 30 feet to the hard ground below.

At the end of 48 hours the boy was still unconscious. England's most eminent specialists were called to his bedside, and finally, on the third day, he regained consciousness. Under the care of the talented array of medical men, he survived the most serious accident of his life, and grew up to become the Prime Minister of England—Winston Spencer Churchill.

—IRVING C. JOHNSON

Going the GI Rounds



Just the other day an Army post office received a letter which had been returned to the sender three times for the correct address. Scribbled in the corner of the much-marked envelope was a note:

"Mr. Postman. This is the only address I have for this soldier. Please do not send this letter back to me again. I've already read it."

On the tombstone of an old Army mule is this enlightening inscription: "In memory of Maggie, who in her lifetime kicked one general, two colonels, four majors, 42 sergeants and one live bomb."

Meekly approaching the Service Club librarian, the GI queried in obvious embarrassment, "Do you have a book called *Man, the Master of Women?*"

Her reply was brusque. "You'll have to look in the fiction section for that."

A soapbox orator was addressing the crowd lounging in a park. "Only 12 dollars a week," he shouted. "How can a man be a Christian on that?"

"How!" repeated a drunken heckler. "Well, how can he be anything else?"

In an effort to get more letters from his girl, a wily corporal had her name printed on some stationery to give to

her as a gift. Before sending it off, he began to worry for fear she might write somebody else on his paper. So he returned the whole batch to the stationer's for one addition.

On each sheet he had printed the two-word salutation, "Dear Herbert."

There isn't much to see in a small town, but what you hear makes up for it.

"Dearest," said the young girl, "sometimes you are so strong and masculine, and at others you are so soft and gentle. Why is it?"

"I suppose it's heredity," he replied modestly. "You see, half of my ancestors were men and half were women."

"How did you find the ladies at the dance?" asked a sailor of his buddy who had just come in from an evening of doing the town.

"Oh, I just opened the door marked 'Ladies,'" returned the bluejacket Lothario, "and there they were."

They were walking arm in arm. "Darling," she said coyly, "which do you like better—a homely woman with great intelligence, or a pretty girl without brains?"

"Honestly, sweet," replied the GI. "I prefer you to either."

Willys of Hollywood has the enviable job of making stellar bad legs look good, good legs look better, and better legs perfect



Hollywood Leg Man

by DORA ALBERT

HE SOLD STOCKINGS—office to office—to stenographers during the depression. He accepted bit parts in gangster movies in order to gain access to the movie great—to sell stockings. He is Willy De Mond, known as Willys of Hollywood, whose cheapest stockings for stenos now cost two and a half dollars and whose highest price hosiery for movie glamour girls brings up to 25 hundred dollars a pair, ordered six pairs at a time. That's a gross of 15 thousand dollars, and De Mond did it by decking out Alice Faye's legs in the picture *In Old Chicago*, in opera hose studded with semi-precious jewels (cornelians and jade) and expensive appliques and inserts.

Ninety per cent of the stockings worn on and off the screen by Hollywood's famous queens are designed today by—you guessed it—Willys of Hollywood—who does a brisk 400 thousand dollar a year business as Hollywood's leg man.

For 21 years Willy De Mond, a tall, fair-haired man with receding hair, has been making bad legs look good, good legs look better,

and better legs perfect. With a business of that kind, De Mond naturally is privvy to trade secrets, fashion trends and the idiosyncrasies of the stars. But he will confide, for example, that Marlene Dietrich hates girdles and garter belts and that she used to roll her stockings until short skirts made that embarrassing. Then De Mond told her to use adhesive tape on the welt of her stocking. She did, and so did a lot of other women.

One of the screen's most shining eye-fuls has piano legs, but she nonetheless has a reputation for possessing curves in just the right places. It was Willy who advised her always to wear clocks on her hose to break up the width of the ankle. Another glamour gal, known to millions as a five-alarm siren, takes the curse off her piano legs by wearing only dark stockings and avoiding all light and nude shades. Some stars have legs that are too thin. Willy's solution calls for stockings worn with leg pads of rubber—a lovely deception. Sometimes he is even called upon to design hose for people with club feet,

knock knees, and a whole catalogue of physiological handicaps, including deformations resulting from infantile paralysis.

For women with no serious defects who are tall and slim he recommends mesh stockings with horizontal lines. For short women he designs hose with low heels—it gives the illusion of height. When designing, he makes up five dozen of each style, since the actress usually buys any stockings that aren't purchased by the studios for screen scenes. It is his job to be six months ahead of the fashion world. When called by a studio he checks the costumes, molds his stocking designs to fit the costume. Many of his styles have resulted in national fads. Back in the days of Ann Pennington he designed black-heeled hose to suit the mood of her Black Bottom dance in George White's *Scandals*. Women all over the country went for the idea. Other fads traceable to De Mond designs include sandal-fit stockings, opera hose, laced heel and toe stockings, and the use of jewelled clocks.

An offer of employment as a chain store buyer in 1929 brought him to California. Thereafter that business collapsed and went into receivership. It was then that he began selling office to office. Naturally, he thought of the movie studios as an ideal outlet for his wares, but found that he wasn't welcome without credentials. A chance meeting with several Broadway acquaintances now in Hollywood enabled him to obtain work as an extra. The recommendation of Marjorie Rambeau, who told the director of *The Secret Six* that Willy had had lots of stage experience—without mentioning what

kind of experience—brought him a bit part as the gangster bodyguard of Wallace Beery. He clicked and played gangster roles for M-G-M for a whole year.

Upon investigating the hosiery situation in the studios' wardrobe departments, he discovered that each studio kept on hand at all times about 200 to 300 dozen pairs of stockings, for it was almost impossible for them to get what they needed on short notice, what with color-matchings and season changes. He approached the studios and proposed: "Order your stockings from me and you won't have to keep 200 dozen pairs on hand, thus tying up thousands of dollars in hose that you don't need. I'll keep the inventory—and a large one—and guarantee to give you 24 hour service." It sounded good and the big studios agreed. Since then De Mond has been designing, creating and supplying the stockings for all big Hollywood productions.

By 1938 he was so well established that Paramount produced a short about his career—*From Cocoon to the Stockings the Stars Wear*.

Willy and the studios manage to get enough silk, and even enough nylon, to cover up the legs of filmdom's beautiful. As might be predicted, he's been offered everything up to crown jewels to supply private parties with nylon hose, but it's no go. All nylons are earmarked for studio use.

Before the war, Willy conceived an enterprising idea called Service on the Run. Whenever some Hollywood beauty found herself in a night club with a run in her stocking, all she had to do was telephone

De Mond, who immediately would dispatch a messenger with a perfect pair of duplicate stockings, matched as to color, design, size and everything else.

So successful was the service that Western Union seriously considered a tie-up with De Mond, whereby they would furnish "service on the run" in large cities all over the

country. But with the outbreak of war, and manpower and gasoline shortages, the plan fell through.

The stocking king of Hollywood is married and has three children. His wife could be his best walking ad if she wished. But she rarely wears stockings by Willys of Hollywood. In fact, she prefers slacks with bobby socks.

Fame Is a Fantasy

ON HIS JOURNEY to the Middle East, President Roosevelt reached a country where the natives all greeted him with shouts of, "Qua ho la! Qua ho la!"

The President graciously acknowledged the shouts, but finally turned to an aide for translation.

"Qua ho la, Sir," replied the officer somewhat reluctantly, "means 'That's her husband!'"

—JOSEPH F. DIETZ

THE LATE WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE never graduated from college, but in his later years he was awarded honorary degrees from a number of universities. When he was at Columbia University to receive a degree, the candidate standing behind him in line asked his name.

"I probably don't belong here," White replied modestly. "I'm just a country editor from Kansas—William Allen White."

The other man laughed. "That's all right. I'm just a country doctor from Minnesota—William Mayo."

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

SOME HUNDRED YEARS AGO the city of Boston was rent by a scientific feud. Which of two of her native sons should be credited as the first to use ether as an anesthetic? Both Dr. Morton and Dr. Jackson claimed the honor, and each had vociferous adherents.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who suggested this harmonious solution:

"Let there be erected upon Boston Common a monument containing the statues of *both* men, and below upon the pedestal let there be inscribed these words: 'TO ETHER'"

—ARTHUR STEPHEN GREGORY

HAVING DEVELOPED and patented the air brake, George Westinghouse called on old Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the greatest railroad builder of his day, to submit the new proposition.

"What! Stop trains with air! I don't want to do business with a crazy man," growled the Commodore.

Later, when the invention had been proved and was in use on competing lines, Vanderbilt sent for Westinghouse.

"Nothing doing," said the inventor. "I don't want to do business with a crazy man!"

—LESTER B. COLBY

Portfolio of Personalities

Brown Americans

by WALTER WHITE

A WELL-KNOWN NEGRO orator used to tell the story of a Negro boy who went out for the track team of a northern university. His talent was high jumping. When his white teammates jumped, the bar was held at the announced mark. But when the Negro participated, the white boys would raise the bar. The result was that the Negro, having to make that extra bit of height, became the best jumper and won the championship.

The story may be apocryphal. But it has in it enough truth to be characteristic of the long, uphill climb America's 13 million Negroes have had to make. Handicaps imposed by race prejudice condemn the less strong to poverty and frustration. The fruits are higher death, disease, crime and delinquency rates.

From the five whose stories follow may be caught a glimpse of the belief in the American dream which causes Negroes to jump that extra inch.





Brig. Gen. Benjamin Davis

As the 1940 Presidential campaign neared its end, a southern-born White House secretary released to the newspapers an inadequate account, which later became garbled, of what had been said to the President by a Negro delegation. Shortly afterwards the same secretary kicked a colored policeman in New York City as he performed his duty of protecting the Chief Executive.

The attendant unfavorable publicity threatened grave defections in the Negro vote in some 17 states where that vote held the potential balance of power in the electoral count. One of the emollients applied to the ruffled feelings of the Negro voters was the promotion of Benjamin O. Davis to brigadier-general, the first Negro to attain this rank.

The manner of his elevation might have been embarrassing to one of lesser stature than General Davis. But he ignored the curt gibes of newspaper commentators and anti-administration spokesmen. With the same faithfulness and self-effacement which had characterized him since he first entered the



Army in July, 1898, during the war with Spain, he set about his job.

He had endured snubs because of his color and seen less able men promoted over his head without complaint. Some soldiers of his own race charge that he is not as militant as they think he should be in redressing their grievances. None of this disturbs him.

Few men have had as varied military experience in different parts of the world—Cuba, the Philippines, Liberia, France and the United States.

As Assistant to the Inspector General of the U.S. Army, General Davis today works at a pace which would exhaust most men of half his 67 years. He has traveled from the Pacific Theatre of Operations to the European Theatre, as well as to practically every training camp in the United States, investigating and adjusting the problems of the three quarters of a million Negro soldiers in our Army.

To everyone who knows him, General Davis is a soldier's soldier.

Marian Anderson

Thirty years ago, in the choir of Philadelphia's Union Baptist Church, a voice rang out which was one day to receive world acclaim and the tribute of the great Arturo Toscanini, who exclaimed, "A voice like yours is heard once in a hundred years!" It was that of Marian Anderson.

Today SRO signs are hung out at virtually all of her 90 to 100 concert engagements each season, and she is heard by millions on national radio programs.

Before the war, Europe, Russia, South America and Mexico demanded again and again that she tour those countries. It was on one of those trips that the distinguished composer, Jan Sibelius, heard her sing two of his songs. When the last mellow note of *Aus banger Brust* ended, Sibelius bowed low to Miss Anderson and said, "My ceiling is much too low for your voice!"

Marian Anderson lives with her mother and sister in the house in Philadelphia where she was born. While still a child her great gifts as a singer were recognized, and mem-

bers of the church chipped in nickels, dimes and occasional dollars to help pay for the musical training which Mrs. Anderson alone was unable to provide. Remembering this, a few years ago Marian Anderson established, entirely from her own funds, musical scholarships for young singers. They are open to all.

Unwillingly Miss Anderson became the central figure of a national controversy when, in 1939, the D.A.R. refused to let her give a concert in Constitution Hall in Washington. One of the most distinguished citizens' committees ever organized thereupon arranged to have her sing at the Lincoln Memorial on Easter Sunday.

Seventy-five thousand persons stood to hear her sing, while on the platform sat Supreme Court Justices, cabinet officers, senators, diplomats and distinguished Americans of every race and creed in what a newspaper commentator called "one of the greatest demonstrations of American democracy and fair play ever known."



Frank Dixon

Over the years the steady succession of Negro sprinters of championship calibre created the opinion that Negroes were capable of excellence only at the shorter distances. Howard Drew, De Hart Hubbard, Jesse Owens, Eulace Peacock, Mозelle Ellerbe and Barney Ewell are but a few of the long list of sprinters who contributed to the theory.

Some people even went so far as to attempt to prove that the conformation of a Negro's heel was different from a white man's, thus giving the colored runner an advantage in the shorter distances. Others hinted vaguely that the white athlete had greater stamina in the longer races because of better nutrition, housing and economic security.

Before the war interrupted, Frank T. Dixon, III, of New York University, was well on the way to disprove these theories. Equipped with long legs and arms, and gifted with a space-consuming, easy stride,

he is considered one of the greatest distance men in American athletics today, and without doubt the greatest Negro distance runner yet to appear. He sets a heart-breaking pace from the crack of the gun, and yet holds enough in reserve to make a strong finish. "The guy ain't human," an exhausted but admiring opponent once exclaimed with more fervor than grammar.

As a high school student, Dixon ran the fastest mile of any schoolboy performance on record up to the 1940 season. He won the National Amateur Athletic Union Interscholastic Mile, placed third in the Met A.A.U. Senior Mile and finished well up in front in an assortment of other races against older and more experienced men.

As a student at New York University in the fall of 1942, Dixon blossomed into fulfillment of the promise he had shown in high school. He went undefeated in every dual cross-country meet he entered, and won the three top mile distance contests.

Last March the champion Negro runner exchanged track shoes for G.I. issue when he joined the United States Army.





Dr. Charles Richard Drew

When the Red Cross began to collect blood for plasma, that of Negroes was not accepted. Later it was received but segregated, although eminent scientists say there is no known means of distinguishing between plasma made from the blood of persons of different races.

It is therefore ironic that the man who more than any other is responsible for the medical miracle which has saved the lives of tens of thousands of soldiers and civilians throughout the world is a Negro.

He is Charles Richard Drew, a graduate of Amherst, with medical degrees from McGill and Columbia Universities.

Ten long, weary years studying the proper types and quantities of food for acutely ill patients led Dr. Drew into research in the preservation of blood. Part of his work was the establishment, at New York's Presbyterian Hospital, of a blood bank which has served as a model for American Red Cross blood banks all over the country.

During the terrible air blitz of 1940, desperate calls for blood



plasma poured into the United States from Britain. On October 1, 1940, Drew was appointed full-time medical director to solve the complex technical problems involved. Out of this emergency and under Dr. Drew's direction developed the methodology which today is successful standard practice for the United States and her allies.

Dr. Drew was appointed by the Red Cross as the first director to establish collection units with a full time staff. He put the blood bank program on an exact, scientific basis with all the then available information on plasma, serum, dried plasma, dried serum, and the methods of preservation.

When this had been done, Dr. Drew resigned to take the chair of surgery at Howard University in Washington.

Many a human being—white, black, brown, yellow—will owe his life to an American Negro scientist whose name he may never know.

Mary McLeod Bethune

When Mary McLeod Bethune was born, she faced virtually every handicap a human being could encounter. She was one of 17 children in a poverty-stricken family on a South Carolina cotton plantation. She was a Negro. But one asset she possessed in abundance: determination to acquire an education and help other Negroes.

Daily she walked 10 miles to the poorly equipped Negro school at Mayesville and later attended Scotia Seminary, where with scholarship aid and many hours of menial work, she completed the course.

Then one day she arrived at Daytona Beach, Florida, with her diploma and a dollar and a half. She rented a cabin for the money, and with five pupils seated on wooden boxes, she started a school. To maintain it, and to purchase the swampy land on which the shack was located, she and her students sold sweet potato pies.

Today the modern buildings of Mrs. Bethune's school are valued at more than one million dollars. Its

pupils become teachers, professionals and leaders of their own people and of the country at large.

In 1935, the 21st Spingarn Medal for unusual achievement by an American Negro was awarded to Mrs. Bethune. One of the speakers at the St. Louis convention was Josephine Roche, then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Shortly after meeting Mrs. Bethune, Miss Roche, who was helping to formulate plans for the National Youth Administration, asked her to head a division of Negro affairs.

In this position, Mrs. Bethune has served her race well. Unlike many office holders, she has never failed to speak out on controversial issues when she believed she should take a position.

It is a long road from poverty and prejudice on a South Carolina plantation to the awarding of honorary degrees by Dartmouth College, Atlanta University, and other American schools, and to association with the great of her own country and of other nations. But to those who know Mrs. Bethune, such a journey is no miracle.



Here's how the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. joined forces on America's northernmost doorstep to keep the Axis from marching into Stalingrad



Skyway to Russia

by CAPTAIN RICHARD NEUBERGER

THREE-QUARTERS of a century after Secretary of State William H. Seward bought Alaska from Czar Alexander II, the Russians came back. Today, along the frontier streets of Fairbanks and Nome stride Soviet flyers and mechanics in clumping leather boots. Since 1942 these Russian airmen, picking up planes like baton sticks from pilots of the U. S. Army Air Forces, have flown more than five thousand combat aircraft across the Arctic wastes to strike against the Luftwaffe on the distant Eastern front.

When Stalingrad quivered to shellfire and the German army was within sight of the Volga, help that turned the tide came over the reef of the world—from Alaska.

Mankind watched the icy seas off Murmansk, where Nazi bombers and submarines preyed on British and American cargo vessels bringing weapons of war to their hard-pressed Russian allies. Each ship sunk put the Germans nearer victory. But there was a back door to the fighting front, a door which Nazi explosives could not reach.

The trail to this portal began on the other side of the planet, in a town on the upper windings of the Missouri River—Great Falls, Montana. It stretched northward into Canada through Calgary and Edmonton, Alberta. Then it struck off via wilderness airfields at Fort St. John and Fort Nelson, in the British Columbia uplands, and at Whitehorse on the headwaters of the Yukon River. From Whitehorse the planes flew to Fairbanks, using lonely airports at Tanana Crossing and Big Delta in the frigid Tanana Valley, coldest part of Alaska.

At Fairbanks and Nome, Russian flyers waited like riders of the old Pony Express. In the days when Stalingrad hung in the balance, the propellers had hardly stopped spinning before the U.S.S.R. aviators had moved into the leather seats just vacated by their brother pilots from the U.S.A. One bomber more or less at a critical hour might determine whether or not the invaders crossed Mother Volga. And this was the one route to the battlefield secure from the enemy's missiles. Blizzards and tempera-

tures of 75 below zero might prey on these winged products of American factories but Hitler's legions could not.

The air-ferry route across the Polar fastnesses is still in rushing and urgent use today. In the early months of 1944 alone, more than 2,200 planes were flown to our Russian allies via the Canadian Arctic and Alaska. The traffic continues through the long Northern night, which muffles the icy regions in darkness for nearly half a year.

I remember the cold morning in the autumn of 1942 that we of the American Army in the Alaskan theatre of war first were introduced to this airway which extended to Europe's back door. Three of us, officers in Brigadier General James A. O'Connor's engineers, were standing on the edge of the wilderness airport at Watson Lake, directly along the mountainous border between British Columbia and the Yukon Territory. We were talking to a half-breed trapper in mukluks and a Royal Mountie constable in gold-striped breeches. Overhead, a two-engined bomber circled the field for a landing. We watched it come down on the snowy runway and taxi to the big tents which served as makeshift hangars.

Then the sharp-eyed Mountie pointed to the plane's insignia. "Look!" he shouted. "A red star!"

Sure enough, where ordinarily would have been the emblem of our U. S. Army Air Forces there was painted the vivid red star of the Soviet Union.

As the American lieutenant piloting the bomber came down the ladder from the plane's nose, I asked him why the strange insignia.

"This plane goes to Russia," he said laconically. "A Russian crew is waiting at Fairbanks now to take it over."

Today, Indians and Mounties look into the heavens and see a parade of bombers and fighters with the red star winging across the Northern sky. In the flickering glow of the aurora-borealis our Lend-Lease planes, with Russian pilots at the controls, take off from Nome for the short hop across the Bering Strait to Siberia.

THE BULK of the Russians operating this Polar route—a route long kept secret—are congregated in Fairbanks, the main community of the Alaskan interior. Russian flyers and women mechanics eat American meals in Fairbanks' hotels and restaurants. In drugstores they sit at the counters buying milkshakes made from Fairbanks' limited supply of fresh milk.

Their baggy blouses, balloon-like blue pants and visored caps are conspicuous in the summer. They wear furs in the biting Alaskan winters. Their wallets are well supplied with the old large-sized America currency which our Treasury recalled in 1929; it was left over in Russia by American troops of the Archangel expedition more than two decades ago.

The Russians use their money to buy just about the same thing the American G. I.'s and Army nurses prefer—perfume, tobacco, lingerie, leather goods, trinkets and cigarette lighters.

Russian and American airmen speak a different language, but basically they are not so dissimilar. They share a love of rollicking

songs, a zest for adventure and an enthusiasm for such delights as pretty girls and vividly-decorated Arctic clothing. Between the pilots of the two countries there is much mutual admiration.

I have seen American pilots indignant when a Soviet airman, taking over a P-39 at Ladd Field in Fairbanks, would not leave the runway until a hamper of sandwiches was put in the cockpit at his feet.

"He gets 60 thousand dollars' worth of airplane and growls about 30 cents' worth of grub," they would say angrily. Then, a few moments later, their faces would break into admiring grins as the Soviet flyer performed a brilliant take-off.

"That Russian boy sure can zoom 'em," murmured an American fighter pilot from San Antonio.

This mingling of Russian and American air skills at the top of the world has been an important factor in the gradual defeat of the Nazis. Congressman Warren G. Magnuson of the State of Washington, who was on duty in the North Pacific as a Naval officer, has stated that the planes transferred at Fairbanks saved the Russians in the decisive battle of Stalingrad.

Ladd Field, one of Alaska's main air bases, is manned by both American and Russian staffs. The Russian mission is under the command of a full colonel in the Red Air Force. This mission includes pilots, mechanics, aerographers, navigators and air engineers. Americans fly the planes to Fairbanks, but first the ships are armed and painted with the red star at Great Falls or Edmonton. When Dave Bolger, the Mounted Police con-

stable at Carcross on Lake Bennett, looks up and sees a plane flying overhead with white-rimmed U. S. insignia, he knows it will be used by American forces in the Aleutian Islands. But a red emblem means that a Soviet crew waits at Fairbanks or Nome to ferry the ship on across Siberia.

Most of the Russian pilots in Alaska wear one-star and two-star decorations on their tunics. This means they are veterans of the Eastern front who have shot down 10 or 20 Nazi planes. The ferrying job across the Bering Sea and into Siberia virtually amounts to a furlough for these men. Alaska to them is a great experience, almost a lark. During the 1943 Christmas season they bought all the toys in Fairbanks' handful of shops. Alaskans like the Russians and have tried to learn their language. Mrs. Ernest Gruening, the wife of Alaska's governor, has a tea in Government House once a week at which Father Baranof, a priest of the old Greek Orthodox Church, teaches Russian to the women of Juneau.

THE SOVIET FLYERS speak a smattering of English and this enables them to get by with their American friends. One evening at Fairbanks some of them began asking us questions about America. They had heard of six Americans—Mark Twain, Jack London, Abraham Lincoln, Upton Sinclair, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie—and wanted to know about them. The Russians had read Jack London's tales of the Far North and they thought he was still in Alaska. They hoped to visit him. Their

favorite American books appeared to be London's *The Call of the Wild*, Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper*, and *Oil and The Jungle* by Sinclair.

In American planes, the P-39 seems to be the Russian aviator's favorite. They also like the B-25 medium bomber. En route east across Siberia, they have their own ferry route which brings the pilots in bunches of a dozen at a time. For this purpose, the Soviet aviators fly American C-47 cargo ships. At Ladd Field the ubiquitousness of the C-47 is instantly evident. I have seen the big transport plane on the icy runways marked with the emblems of three famous air forces—the white-rimmed star of the U.S.A.A.F., the red star of the Soviet flying corps and the red, white and blue target insignia of the Royal Canadian Air Force, which also flies the Polar route.

Two American brigadier generals are the men who developed this unique route over the Arctic roof of the world. One is Dale V. Gaffney, a 49-year-old aviator who heads the Alaskan Wing of the Air Transport Command, which delivers the planes to the Russians. He is this country's leading expert on cold-weather flying. He pioneered a testing laboratory at Ladd Field which has enabled pilots to know how their ships will perform when the thermometer reads 70 degrees below zero on the ground. Gaffney and his men functioned in tents during the worst Arctic winter in a generation. It was so cold that Scotch whisky froze and a man's spit crackled in the air. Even in these conditions Gaffney's mechanics worked on naked runways servicing the Lend-Lease ships

transferred at Fairbanks, Alaska.

The other general is 59-year-old James A. (Patsy) O'Connor, the U. S. Army engineer officer who constructed the Alaska Highway and the airfields along its 1,630 miles. These are the airfields which the Lend-Lease planes fly on their route from the United States to the transfer point at Fairbanks. Russia fascinates O'Connor and books about Siberia lie beside his cot on a packing box. I once saw him reading Tolstoi by the glow of a flashlight in a wilderness camp at Cathedral Bluffs. Without charts, without river surveys or altitude data, forced at times to live off moose meat and grayling, General O'Connor and his seven engineer regiments thrust the Alaska Highway across the Rocky Mountains and then developed the paralleling air route. Canadian bush pilots had begun this route as a means of flying to Whitehorse and Dawson, and O'Connor received the D.S.M. for turning it into one of the great airways of the continent.

Airplane factories on both the Atlantic and Pacific sea coasts send their ships to Great Falls now. Here they are made ready for the long flight north across the icy gables of the world where this continent's lowest temperatures have been recorded. Yet our Russian allies insist that we of the U. S. Army do not know what low temperatures really mean.

I remember telling my Russian friend Alex at Fairbanks how cold we had been in our winter headquarters up the Yukon at Whitehorse. "For three weeks in a row it never got above 50 below," I bragged. "We had it 61 below for

five days straight. One morning it was 65 below. We in the engineers really know what cold weather is."

I waited for praise.

"Ho, ho," said Alex. "Dat is nodding. I am at Verkhoyansk in Siberia. It is 92 below. I am at Yakutsk. It is 83 below. Am I cold at 65 below? No, no, no! Dat is nodding. Dat is what you call it—de banana belt."

But our Russian friends *can* be impressed, despite their skepticism. Twenty-four-year old Lieutenant Leon Crane of the U. S. Army Air Forces did it. He was forced down

while piloting a plane to Fairbanks for transfer to the Soviets. For nearly three months in the dead of winter he wandered in the Alaskan fastnesses. He lived on what he found—berries, the residue of a trapper's cache, a few fish, a bottle of vitamin pills. After 84 days he was found, still alive and capable of survival. And survive he did, recovering complete health.

"Dat is one tough American," said a tall U. S. S. R. pilot. And then he added admiringly: "No, no—he is tough in any countree, plenty tough, I tell you, ya, ya."

Men of Providence



GENE FOWLER HAS INVENTED a device which he claims has saved him a fortune. On the eve of every visit that he and his wife make to the theatre, Gene writes a letter to the house manager saying: "Tomorrow evening my wife and I will have the pleasure of attending the performance at your theatre. We will occupy seats G-109 and 110, where my wife will lose a pair of gloves."

—IRVING HOFFMAN



HE WAS A WEALTHY but niggardly guest. As he was leaving the hotel after a month's stay, the servants who had waited on him hand and foot were clustered about, waiting for their tips. The stingy one, however, barged past them and to his waiting car. But the hotel porter who had opened the door for him thrust out an expectant palm.

"You're not goin' to forget me, suh?" he grinned anxiously.

The departing guest grasped the outstretched hand. "No, my boy," he said in a voice charged with emotion, "I'll write you."

—LOUIS HIRSCH



WHEN JOSEPH WIENIAWSKI, the great Polish pianist, toured the Balkans, he was invited to play at a court soiree before the King of Serbia. The adjutant who had been sent to make the arrangements asked the artist whether, as a reward, he preferred to receive 300 dinars or the Royal Medal of Honor.

Wieniawski considered the choice and then asked, "Can you tell me the value of the medal?"

"About 40 dinars," answered the adjutant.

"All right," said the artist. "I shall be happy to perform for 260 dinars and the Medal of Honor."

—KATE SCHWAB

Adept at covering crimes with wisecracks,
he kept out of prison only because his victims
were too embarrassed to have him arrested!



Wilson Mizner: Ace of Knaves

by ARCHIE McFEDRIES

IN JANUARY OF 1906, in New York City, there was performed a wedding ceremony of more than passing interest to both society and the underworld. Mrs. Myra Adelaide Yerkes, the 48-year-old eccentric and fabulously wealthy widow of Charles T. Yerkes, the traction king, married a charming confidence man named Wilson Mizner, aged 29, who was erroneously described in the public prints as a stockbroker.

Virtually everybody except the bride suspected that Mizner, the black sheep of a fine San Francisco family, who had yet to earn his first legitimate dollar, had married for monetary rather than amatory reasons. When a blood relative, unable to decide whether the bride or the bridegroom had got the worst of it, interviewed Mizner in his wife's rococo mansion on Fifth Avenue and inquired as to precisely why he had married Mrs. Yerkes, the groom, at the moment attired only in long balbriggan underwear and lolling on an antique four-poster, smoking, replied, "I like the service here."

Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner who, among other things, was addicted to stimulants considerably stronger than beef tea, was generous to the point of foolishness with some 10 million dollars. But the lady turned a deaf ear whenever her new husband brought up the subject of money.

Undaunted, Mizner hit upon a more indirect approach to his wife's wealth. Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner was a celebrity fan so there began a long parade to the Fifth Avenue mansion of Mizner's underworld friends, both male and female, masquerading as prominent figures in theatrical, sporting and political circles. The California adventurer prevailed upon his wife to purchase costly jewelry, usually from Tiffany's, to present to the distinguished visitors. After they left, Mizner would meet them on the outside, retrieve the jewelry, and pawn it.

It was the San Francisco earthquake and fire that offered Mizner an excuse for a marital vacation and, as he figured it, an opportunity to cash in on a catastrophe. He told his wife that he was needed in San Francisco by relatives who had



been injured in the quake. When he got there, he gave the family a wide berth and, under an assumed name, made a contract with the city to haul away debris. He leased 10 dray-carts but billed the city for the work of two hundred such vehicles and cleaned up handsomely in what was perhaps the most despicable operation of his entire career before he was apprehended and run out of town.

Although Mizner looked like a six-foot gnome (he had long, spindly legs but the torso of a heavyweight prize-fight champion except for a paunch two decades beyond his years) he was lethal with the ladies. He spent money on a constant succession of paramours as fast as he took it from other people. Thus, following his clean-up in San Francisco, he was soon broke and found it expedient to return to the Yerkes mansion.

MIZNER made another attempt to pry his wife loose from some of her money and, finding the woman more niggardly than ever, he became fascinated by the valuable paintings in the Yerkes home. Mizner knew that under terms of the traction king's will the paintings were to remain in the possession of his widow during her lifetime and then, regardless of her wishes, go to specified museums.

It so happened that the board of trustees of one of the museums grew cautious to the point of hiring a private detective agency to look into the background of Mr. Mizner. The investigator uncovered the fact that Mizner had lived strictly beyond the pale since the gold-rush days of Alaska when, as the oper-

ator of a gambling joint in Nome, he had short-weighted miners who brought in gold dust and been caught with an ace up his sleeve; so private detectives were assigned to take up surveillance outside of Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner's home.

The young master of the mansion, who, through long experience could spot a detective in the next block, quickly got wise to the sleuths in mufti who were working in shifts outside his front door.

A bartender friend, who had come to revere Mizner because of his ability to walk a chalk line after drinking two quarts of rye, was the answer to the problem of transporting the canvases past the detectives. The barkeep was a distinguished-looking man and, after careful coaching by Mizner, he appeared one night at the Yerkes mansion attired in white tie, topper and tails, and with a length of red silk slanting over the expanse of his boiled shirt. Mizner presented the bartender to his wife as an Ambassador from the Balkans. The visitor created an extremely favorable impression on Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner because of his extraordinary dexterity at mixing potables. Fairly early in the evening, Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner was mixed into a coma and then the two rascals went to work.

Around midnight, the distinguished-looking visitor left, and the watching detectives observed that he had, sometime during the evening, developed a stiffness of the legs that made it impossible for him to bend his knees. The next day, it dawned on the detective agency that the Ambassador had in reality been an impostor who had walked away with several of the Yerkes

canvases wrapped around his legs.

Art experts were summoned to the Yerkes home, and they discovered that someone—Mr. Mizner, possibly—had substituted skillful reproductions for the two Rembrandts and a Van Dyck. The paintings were recovered while the bartender was in the midst of negotiations for their sale to a foreign art dealer.

Mizner, who could make his long face and oversized eyes seem to reflect integrity and outraged virtue, convinced his wife that he himself had been deceived by the bogus ambassador. But when, not a week later, Mizner himself was caught with a canvas around his right leg by detectives who refused to believe that he had suddenly developed rheumatism, Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner announced her separation from the confidence man. A divorce followed.

IN 1909, DURING Theodore Roosevelt's last months as President, Mizner contrived to meet, in Delmonico's, a crooked Tammany Hall politician whose motivation in life was, strangely enough, to be Ambassador to England. "It's too bad you're associated with Tammany Hall," Mizner told the politician.

"Why?" the man asked.

"Because," said Mizner, "the President is looking around for an Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and you would make an ideal man for that post, only Teddy doesn't like Tammany Hall."

"I would quit the Hall if I got that appointment," blurted the politician. "But say, what have *you* got to do with all this, anyway?"

Mizner confided that his apparent carefree life was merely a

cover for his real work—confidential man for the President, a sort of early-day Harry Hopkins. "Here," he said, handing the politician a telegram he had sent himself from Washington. "Read this." The wire was worded, in effect:

WILSON MIZNER

WALDORF ASTORIA

NEW YORK N Y

ESSENTIAL THAT I CHOOSE NEW YORKER FOR ENGLISH POST AND WILL BE INCLINED TO FOLLOW YOUR RECOMMENDATIONS

REGARDS

T R

The Tammanyite, delirious over the prospects, pleaded with Mizner to talk him up to Teddy. Mizner cleared his throat and mentioned something about 25 thousand dollars. The politician, who had sold many a job himself, forked over and went down to the White House, confident of appointment.

Mizner, a physical coward, feared violence at the hands of Tammany goons and blew town. He didn't return until he learned that the local statesman was happily engaged in an enormous program of civic plunder, and had all but forgotten the swindle.

Mizner finally came to the attention of Paul Armstrong, the noted playwright. Armstrong prevailed upon him to recount some of his criminal experiences, and many of the incidents were incorporated in Armstrong's great Broadway melodramas, *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, *The Deep Purple*, a dramatization of the badger game, and *The Greyhound*, a drama of confidence men at work on transatlantic liners. Mizner supplied the technical data in such punctilious detail that Armstrong gave him credit as collaborator.

Armstrong's success went to Mizner's head. He went around town taking bows as a playwright when, actually, all he had done was to supply a master craftsman with background information. He and Armstrong eventually quarreled.

In looking around for another means by which to gather in honest valuta, purely because legitimate operations did not entail the risk of going to prison, Mizner sold himself as an authority on fisticuffs to a clever middleweight fighter and became his manager. The fighter's name was Stanley Ketchel, and Mizner eventually had the good fortune to be managing the middleweight champion of the world.

Once again the con man had plenty of untainted money, until Ketchel was shot and killed. Mizner made a wisecrack then—callous, as usual—which added to his false stature as a humorist. Upon receiving the news that Ketchel was dead, he said, "If they start countin' ten over him, he'll get up."

MIZNER TURNED again to crime in 1910, once more utilizing an incumbent of the White House—William Howard Taft—in the furtherance of a fraud. The crook rented an abandoned art gallery on Fifth Avenue and filled it with second-hand club chairs. He called the place the Millionaires' Club, and let it be known around town that the club was to be the most exclusive in the United States inasmuch as the very first member was none other than President Taft.

In taking prospective members through the place, Mizner pointed to a huge man slumped in a chair with a highball at his elbow.

"That's the President," he would whisper. "He comes here incognito. It's the only place he can relax." The man Mizner pointed out was an actor made up to look like Taft.

Mizner's idea in selling suckers on the fiction that Taft belonged to the club was to take the fangs out of the initiation fee of 10 thousand dollars—a fee that would be, he pointed out, a drop in the bucket compared to the money that would be made through market tips that the President of the United States had, according to Mizner, promised to slip to members of the club.

Mizner took in an amount variously estimated at from 80 thousand to 150 thousand dollars before the Millionaires' Club came to a sudden and violent end. The end came one evening when the founder of the club, fearing that further indulgence in alcohol by the man in the Presidential role might lead to exposure, suddenly stopped the actor's liquor rations. The thespian thereupon went berserk in the presence of several clubmen.

In April of 1915, Jack Johnson, the Negro heavyweight champion, was scheduled to defend his title against Jess Willard at Havana. Mizner heard the false rumor that Johnson, an overwhelming choice to win, was going to throw the fight. Always anxious to cash in on anything that was fixed, Mizner cabled Johnson, a personal friend, just before the fight, saying that he was going to bet 20 thousand dollars on Willard.

Mizner calculated that if Johnson was going to take a dive he wouldn't answer the cable, and that silence from Cuba would in effect confirm the rumor. Since the rumor

was unfounded, however, Johnson cabled to Mizner to bet on him, not on Willard. Somehow or other the cable was delayed, and Mizner hadn't received it at fight time, so he bet 20 thousand dollars on Willard, the underdog, at big odds, and mopped up.

For the last 18 years of his life, Mizner lived mainly by his wits. He had the good fortune to avoid prison for the simple reason that his confidence victims were usually so embarrassed that they would not swear out complaints against him.

Through the years, Mizner successfully employed the carefully-placed wisecrack as a cloak for his criminal activities. Broadway and Hollywood, with their love for dramatization, made him a living

legend—a wit, a gallant *bon vivant* and top-drawer practical joker.

In the early thirties, Warner Brothers, the Hollywood movie producers, put Mizner on the payroll to write underworld stories. He spent most of the day lying on a couch in his office, and sat up all night with underworld friends.

Wilson Mizner died in 1933 at the age of 56. His improbable legend has grown with time. Today, when Hollywood or Broadway speaks of him, it is with a tear in the eye and a voice husky with nostalgia. In his grave, Mizner is taking bows for practical jokes he never perpetrated and bon mots he never originated. He is, more than a decade after his death, a rogue who is still deceiving people.

Taming of the Shrew

AT THE AGE OF 40, a confirmed bachelor of the Puritan days abandoned his career of single blessedness and married the community shrew, known for her bad temper and quarrelsome disposition.

When his friends asked the bridegroom why he had married such a woman when he could have made a much better match, he replied that he did it as a penance—that he had had too good a time as a bachelor and was afraid he might not get to heaven unless he suffered here on earth.

Gossips carried this to the bride. She flew into a rage and declared that she was not going to be a packhorse to carry any man to heaven, and if he expected her to torment him he was mistaken. From that day on she was the model wife.—W. E. WOODWARD in *The Way Our People Lived* (Dutton)

JAMES A. BAILEY, the circus man and partner of P. T. Barnum, always liked to tell of the time when he tried to buy a tiger. The animal was up for public sale, and a full crowd of circus owners was on hand. But the most spirited bidding was carried on by a small chap, plainly not of the show fraternity. Finally the tiger was knocked down to him.

Afterwards Bailey sought out the little fellow and asked if he would sell the tiger back for what he paid for it. The man refused.

Exasperated, the famous show owner exploded, "You don't own a circus. Why do you want to keep it?"

"My wife died last month," said the little man, "and I'm lonely."

—JAMES ALDREDGE

Picture Story:

CHICAGO
STADIUM



Chicago Stadium

ONE ANCIENT CYNIC claimed that it took only bread and circuses to keep people happy. If that were true, Americans should be the happiest, best fed lot of people on earth—for we're rich in both commodities. As samples of the star-studded sport and spectacle we like to watch, just take some of the events that pack the Chicago Stadium, world's largest indoor arena.

Housing 18 thousand persons normally, 26 thousand comfortably, and 35 thousand if need be—as when FDR packed the place to the rafters in '36—the block-square Stadium was erected in '29 at the

instigation of the late Paddy Harmon, West Side dancehall impresario, known to the sportsworld as the "Tex Rickard of Chicago." It cost a cool seven million.

But the boomtime enterprise didn't really pay off until 1935, when the combined genius of Arthur Wirtz (below) and James Norris Jr. and Sr. began marketing sport and Sonja Henie on ice.

Steve Deutsch, photographer, recently prowled about "Paddy's Dream" on five various nights to see what it offered by way of wartime entertainment. This is the record of what he saw.



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1. *Wirtz, the Stadium manager, had observed that amateur skating shows drew capacity crowds. So he cabled Sonja Henie, asking her to give up Norway and her amateur standing for a U.S. professional debut . . .*



2. *His hunch paid off. In Henie's last 19-day Chicago run, \$664,000 rolled in at the boxoffice. True, the Hollywood Ice Revue this year suffered a slight case of wartime manpower shortage . . .*



3. *. . . but its line of high-stepping, fancy-skating girls was long and gorgeously decked as ever. They hula-d on ice, danced lilting Viennese waltzes and skated in the dark, wearing lit-up hoopskirts.*



at the
artime

- 4.** Here, for example, is how they brightened up the ice in their Gay 90's takeoff. Not that the ice—frozen gay blue for the Revue—needed brightening. Brine is pumped through 85,000 feet of pipe below the floor to insure a quick (two hour) freeze.



checked
dark,

- 5.** After the show, attendants move in to scrape down and sprinkle up the ice for the next performance. On four successive nights they can change over the floor from boxing to basketball to ice hockey to dancing.



- 6.** *Chicago is the world's greatest hockey town—and a sellout crowd patronizes the sport during its 30-night season. A player emerged from this huddle with a bashed-in forehead the night the Chicago Blackhawks played the Detroit Redwings.*



- 7.** *During and after events members of the Press retire to this little private bar to wet their whistles on the house. That's John Carmichael, Daily News sports editor, turning to greet big John Harrington of CBS, who broadcasts Stadium sports.*

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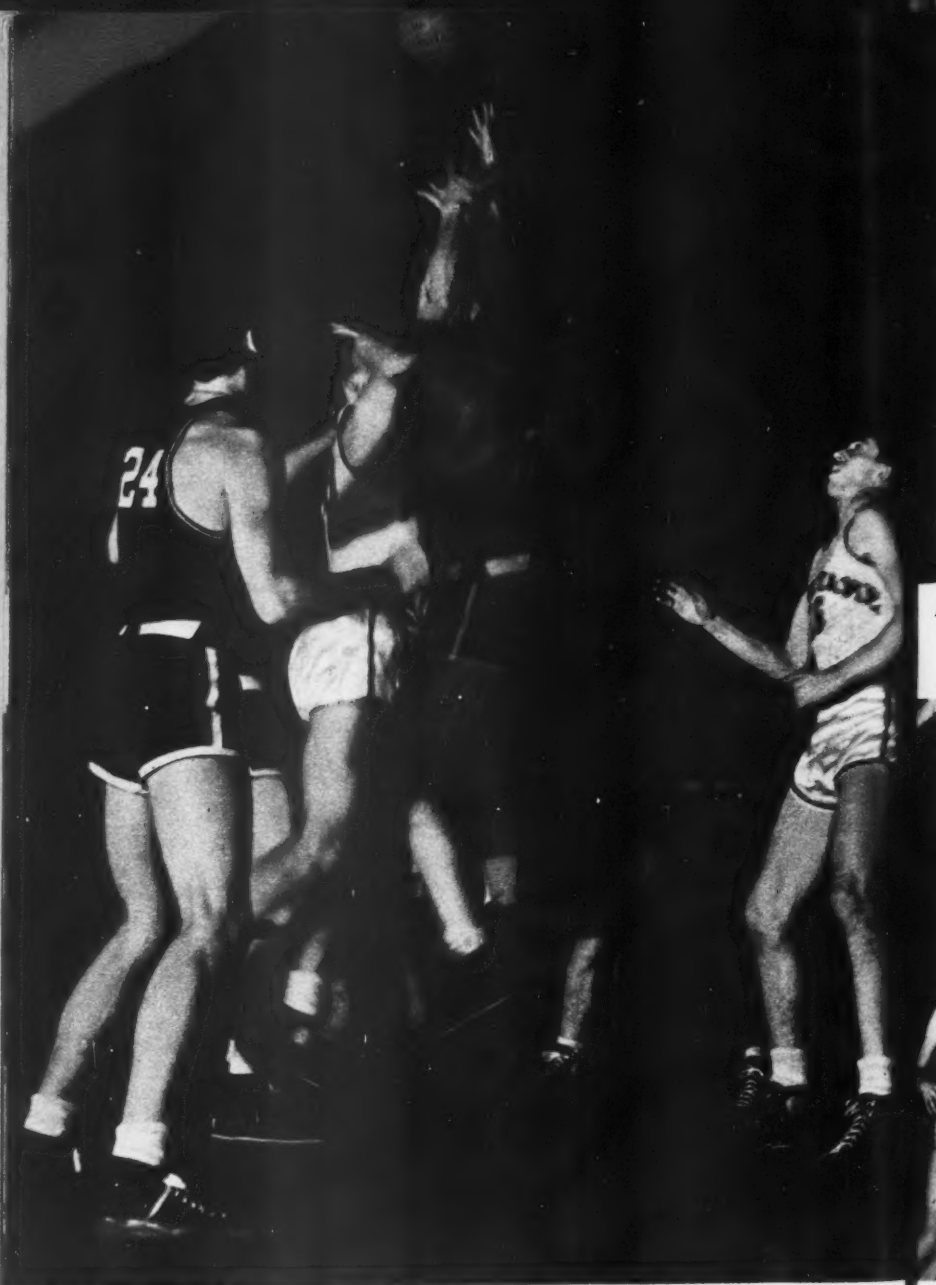


8. Hockey "regulars," these galleryites groan, hiss and holler their wrath or approval—punctuating their enthusiasm with wildly clanging cow bells and with pesty paper airplanes sailed down onto the ice. One of their favorite personalities is . . .

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9. . . . Al Melgard at the world's biggest organ (volume equal to 2,500 band instruments). To "Just an Echo in the Valley," the fans add a lusty "yoo-hoo" chorus. It was Melgard who gave the Democrats "Happy Days Are Here Again" in '32.



10. *America has been called a spectating nation, so far as entertainment is concerned, and Stadium events confirm this. Midwesterners pack the house to watch the big names of sport battle it out—as in double-header college basketball.*

ed,
big



11. *There's always plenty of excitement in the Stadium, and Chicago papers contribute their share with various sports-festivals—like the Times ice carnival, the News relays, the Herald-American basketball tourney, and the Tribune Golden Gloves.*




12. *Stadium sport is Big Business, run by experts, played by experts, watched by mammoth crowds. Against profit-making enterprises like basketball, there once was a water ballet, with Eleanor Holm in a portable pool. It was a flop.*


ed,
big



13. From left to right: Issy Kline, who once trained Golden Glover Barney Ross; Arch Ward, Tribune sports editor; Andy Frain, who made ushering a gold-braided science; and a young man from Detroit who found fame and fortune in the Stadium.



14. *All the notables of sport manage to gather at the ringside for the Golden Gloves—plus a corps of press and radio men who bring all the excitement of the five-night slugfest to stay-at-homes. The real heroes, though, are the kids in the ring . . .*



15. *. . . kids like this tough, fighting youngster who manage to stay gamely—though feeling pretty lonely among the 20-odd thousand in the big arena. It would seem there's a lesson in Americanism to be learned at the Stadium, if your eyes are open.*



16. *And a practical lesson in democracy in the biggest, most important and most thrill-packed shows of all—the two great national political conventions! Three times in the Stadium FDR has received the Democratic nomination for presidency . . .*



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17. . . . And this summer the Stadium played host to both shows on almost consecutive weeks. In the midst of a life and death war, Republicans and Democrats rallied to thrash out national and international policy and pick their candidates.




18. For 5,000 dollars a night, the Stadium is rented out to private parties. This was the rent-free, all-night benefit dance given by the Chicago Bartenders for its 800 men in the service. Two Queens of Chicago's 26 girls were crowned that night.




19. From 10 p.m. to all hours, Chicago nightclubs and honkytonks shuttled in a never-ending supply of floorshow entertainment. The Chez Paree contributed comedian Joe E. Lewis; the Rio Cabana a line of scantily feathered chorines.

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20. Stadium patrons fork out \$250,000 a year, over and above admissions, for souvenirs, edibles and drinkables. A smart vendor can easily make \$100 a weekend. Aside from convention spenders, vendors report that circus-goers are freest with their money.

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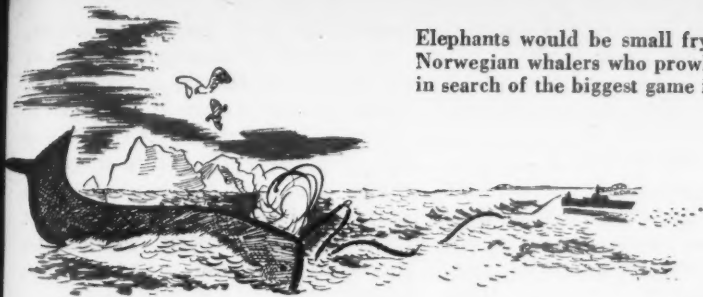


21. The Barnes-Olympia circus, a European import owned by Wirtz, makes the Stadium its Big Top 31 nights of the year. Its talented Pallenberg Bear rides a bicycle and double-decked motorcycle. As a sideline, it acts in Jack Benny pictures.



22. *But whether as skating rink or Big Top, dancehall or rallying place, the Stadium brings excitement and color, relaxation and vicarious thrills to great masses of the American people. And its shows are just as varied as those same Americans.*

Elephants would be small fry to these Norwegian whalers who prowls the Antarctic in search of the biggest game in the world



Adventure by the Ton

by LT. COMMANDER SAM HOULDER, ROYAL NORWEGIAN NAVY

AROUND THE middle of October, in the years before the war, a great whaling factory ship escorted by six to nine powerful but small whale catchers would steam out of the little Norwegian harbors of Sandefjord or Tonsberg. Their destination was the Antarctic—over seven thousand miles away.

By December 8th, when the whaling season began, the expedition had reached and reconnoitered the area, and perhaps spotted some of the giant finwhales, sperm whales, sulphurbottom or humpback whales that roam those waters.

Largest of the four is the sulphurbottom. Even the dinosaur weighed less than half as much as a present-day sulphurbottom and never attained its length. Whalers tell of one caught in the Antarctic which was 120 feet long, although the normal length is about 100 feet.

Roughly, the blue whale (sulphurbottom) weighs one ton per foot of length, so the largest weigh over 100 tons or 200,000 pounds.

A sulphurbottom's tongue, alone, weighs more than a full grown elephant. Its heart is about as large

as a fair-sized writing desk. Before some houses in the whaling district of Norway, the jawbone of a blue whale has been raised on end and used as a gate. A modern car can easily be driven through it.

As the common name suggests, this whale is a dark bluish gray in color. Its body is streamlined and graceful, although its massiveness makes this seem unbelievable. But the lines of the unborn young removed from the body of a female make even the much-praised salmon look like an ordinary codfish in comparison.

The pregnancy span of a sulphurbottom is two years. For another two years the young whale, which is about 25 feet long at birth, follows its mother about before dashing off on its own.

Similar to the sulphurbottom, but smaller and not so fat, the finwhale runs to about 80 feet in length. Its name comes from its hooked dorsal fin.

The ugliest of the Antarctic whales is the humpback. Plump and rarely longer than 50 feet, it has none of the graceful lines of

the other two. It is usually covered with barnacles, about half as big as a man's hand, which may be the reason it likes to scratch itself on icebergs.

All three are species of the true whale or whale bone whale. This means that instead of teeth, they have plates of baleen (whale bone) suspended from the upper jaw. About two-thirds of an inch apart and three feet long, these spears are fringed on the inside and act as a filter.

Thus, a hungry whale seeks out a shoal of small, pink shrimp, closes his mammoth jaws and presses out 20 tons of water while the shrimp are caught in the fringes of the whale-bone plate and swallowed.

Because of the valuable perfume base, ambergris, sometimes secreted from its body, the sperm whale is more commonly known. A monstrous, black tooth-whale, it has an enormous square head which makes up about one third of its body. Inside the head is a closed cavity filled with some 20 barrels of fluid oil.

Once killed, all whales decompose quickly. A sperm whale which had been killed a few days earlier was lying one morning on the deck of a factory ship. Gases had begun to develop from the oil in the closed cavity. The pressure became so great that the whale exploded and blew a worker overboard to his death.

The sperm whale's mouth is small and narrow, placed far back on the underside of its head. It is a beast of prey and feeds extensively on giant squids. Although it has numerous small teeth of ivory-like material, its ability to attack and kill a squid with such an awkwardly placed

mouth has long puzzled whalers.

Some believe that the beast lies motionless on the ocean floor and opens its great mouth, which is white on the inside. Attracted by the color, the squid ventures within range, and the tremendous jaws snap shut. Other experts hold to the theory that the sperm whale kills the squid by crashing it against the bottom with its flat, hard head.

Being mammals, whales have lungs and must surface to breathe. It is the indicative spout of water, rising from 15 to 20 feet from the whale's blowhole, which sends the whale catchers off on the chase. The maneuverable little vessels close in at full speed, and a well-aimed, 150-pound harpoon shoots through the air. Connecting with the whale, the head of the harpoon explodes and hooks spring out, burying themselves deep within the animal's body.

As many as 600 fathoms of heavy manila line can be let out as the wounded whale dives to escape, but eventually the ship is brought near enough to give the animal a second harpoon. If it lands in the whale's lung or heart, the first harpoon might be fatal, but some whales have been brought in stuck with as many as 10 harpoons.

If a male and female are together, the whale catcher goes for the female first. The male stays close in an attempt to protect her, and can be killed later. But if the male is hunted first, the female always disappears.

The moment the whale is dead, it is brought alongside and air is pumped into its stomach to keep it afloat. Then it is towed to the factory ship, anchored nearby, where

a huge claw is lowered down and the beast is drawn through a hole in the stern up onto the deck.

Blubber—running from 12 to 18 inches thick on the sulphurbottom—is removed first, cut into pieces and dragged into the boiler which opens on the deck. Cutters then slice off the fins, head and back meat from the spine. The head and bones are cut into bits by mechanical bone saws to ready them for the bone crushers, after which they, too, go into the boilers.

When the containers are full, they are tightly closed and the steam is let in. A huge cylinder keeps the blubber and meat in motion while the oil is cooked out. Four hours later, the great boilers are ready for another load.

As new whales are constantly being hauled up, a second shift of 100 men goes into action, wading in blood and slime. To prevent sliding on the slippery deck, workmen wear long spikes fastened to the heels of their shoes. Oilskin sleeves are lashed tightly around their wrists to prevent oil, blood and fat from running up their arms.

Miles from civilization, working day and night, the men rarely shave, and often fail to recognize each other months later when back on land they appear clean shaven and well-clothed.

February is late summer in the Antarctic. By March 8th, when the season closes, the whaling fleet sets out for home. Loaded with 120,000 barrels of oil—which at pre-war prices brought 27 dollars a barrel—the expedition is a prosperous one. Experienced captains of the whale catchers make as much as 35 thousand dollars for three months' work, returning with money enough to run their farms, buy clothes and educate their children. Small wonder the whaling district of Norway is the most prosperous part of the country.

War has put a crimp in the whaling industry. The huge factory ships have been used as tankers, carrying fuel to Great Britain. Many have been sunk. But the whales in the Antarctic have multiplied. So with V-Day's arrival, the biggest animals in the world will again become targets for the hunters.

Military Intelligence

■ THE COMMANDING OFFICER was questioning a new recruit. "Now tell me," he said, "what is your definition of strategy?"

After puzzling for a moment, the rookie ventured, "It's when you run out of ammunition, but keep right on firing." —RHODA S. RODER

■ A SERGEANT IN A CAMP down South tells about an experience he had in interviewing prospects for the Officer Candidate School. His was the job of screening out ineligible.

"How far did you go in?" he asked a raw-boned Georgian.

The boy hesitated, then scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Well, I remember," he said slowly, "I got as far as the part where the wolf broke down that old door." —IRVING HOFFMAN

Toothaches Ago

by M. F. K. FISHER



Plymouth, England, 1644 It was impossible to deny any longer that Joanna's tooth must be pulled. She had hidden her suffering for days, but one night James heard her sobbing. "What's wrong, lass?" He pulled her gently to him, and then lit the candle and looked into her swollen mouth. When Joanna saw his face darken she gave up, and wailed aloud.

In the morning he went to the barber's, and when he hurried back he had a wonderful potion: the barber himself had used it on a bad tooth, and it would not only cure severe pain but would aid the whole body, ridding it of fever, coughings, swollen joints and buboes. It contained many substances of great value, but James remembered only a few of the names the barber had rattled off: camphor, aloes, real nutmeg, powdered violets, linseed, cock-dung . . . Joanna held the mixture in her mouth, dutifully. But that night her face ached as if a devil were jumping in it, and her stomach hurt, too, from the potions she had swallowed.

In the morning James fetched Mother Greet, who could do everything from swaddling a new child to laying out its great-grandfather. The cross old woman, reeking of beer but sure-fingered, bled Joanna of a basinful of blood from her right arm. For a while the ache seemed fainter . . . but before night

Joanna was almost mad again, and Mother Greet came back grumpily and heated a silver coin in bubbling wine and held it against the cheek until the skin blistered . . .

That was the night, though, when James knew that the tooth would have to be pulled. In the morning he saw to it that Joanna was full of hot punch, brewed with plenty of brandy in it, and then he half carried her to the barber's while the neighbor-women followed, clucking with pity to watch through the window.

The barber was waiting, rubbing his pincers carefully on his sleeve as he stood under the stuffed alligator that hung from the ceiling. James, his face gray, pushed Joanna down further in the chair and grasped both of her arms strongly from behind, and then closed his eyes as he saw the barber brace his knees against hers . . .

Rushville, Illinois, 1944 Jeanie was nervous, all right, that night before her appointment. Her stomach felt like a toy balloon with one bee in it as she heard the nurse's cool voice saying over the telephone, "A light supper and nothing to drink, please."

Jim's grandfather snorted with disgust, "Why, when I was a boy a tooth-pulling was *fun*! Everybody got a little happy on corn, just to help the poor fellow . . .

that is, the patient . . . along!"

Jeanie moaned into her pillow. If Jim were home he'd know the torture she was suffering: her poor face, her heart, her *soul*! Then she frowned at herself. Self-pity, indeed, when Jim was overseas having medals pinned on him. She began a letter to him in her head, full of nice silliness.

Before she knew it, it was today. The nurse did look just like her telephone-voice, cool and impersonal, until she smiled. And the office looked like something from next month's *House Beautiful*, until Jeanie saw the row of soft rose-and-silver cells, each with its low couch. Some of the doors had curtains pulled across them. She gulped again, imagining the mute suffering hidden there.

When the nurse came in, after three minutes or more probably a hundred years, she looked up miserably from the edge of her couch, and asked in a voice that trembled in spite of her small grin, "Shall I take off my lipstick now?"

"Oh no," the other girl said in a shocked way. "You haven't met Dr. Stillman yet!" And for some reason Jeanie tipped back her head cockily as she went down the corridor into the bluish room with the shiny chair and the man in it. Jeanie heard herself saying flatly to the doctor: "I'm scared."

"I don't blame you," he answered in a matter-of-fact way. "I

would be too, if I were you, because you don't know what it's going to be like. But I do. So take my word for it . . ."

Jeanie realized she was lying almost flat now, somehow, and then the nurse said from behind, "Breathe deeply, now . . ." "This is it, then," Jeanie thought. "If Jim knew, he'd be *very* proud of me . . . not a groan, not a yip . . . not even by the skin of my teeth. . ."

She was swept away by her own mirth. That was the funniest thing she had ever said . . . By the skin of her teeth! She'd tell it to everyone, and they would all laugh to the sound of music like laughter too, more delightful than any music ever heard since one time when she and Jim and the moon and several little waves all laughed together . . .

"As I was saying," Dr. Stillman went on, "it couldn't have been as bad as you thought it would be."

Jeanie was halfway down the corridor toward her rose-and-silver room, with the nurse's hand still tight in hers, before she realized that the job was done. The music was over! The tooth was pulled! At last she could indulge in a tear or two, in a kind of disappointment that she had already forgotten the funny thing she was going to tell Jim. She waited until the nurse left, and then sobbed once or twice: poor Jeanie, she thought . . . no Jim, no music, no toothache even.



Sign in an Army camp mess hall: "Food will win the war." And underneath the penciled scribble, "But how can we get the enemy to eat here?"
—PVT. SAM CHESTER

What one GI Joe said to a little singer after
a USO overseas show in Naples will make your
heart ache and sing all in the same breath



Unsung Troupers of the USO

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

SECRETARY HULL's friends know about this. It's a matter of public record. So it's not Winchelizing to repeat that some time ago an official State Department dispatch, signed Cordell Hull, was cabled to London to a certain party ordering "two gowns, one pair evening shoes and a supply of grease paint" for one Yvette, a dancer, then in England.

The cablegram is on file and can be seen by interested persons. Maybe it is better to explain that Yvette (Elsa Harris Silver) was on tour giving entertainments for the armed forces abroad. She lost all her clothes in the tragic plane crash at Lisbon. The way the State Department and its head gallantly rushed to her aid is eloquent testimony to the esteem these USO performers have won for themselves.

You've heard much about the splendid work of outstanding stars of stage and screen in entertainment of troops, at home and abroad. Very little has been said about the fact that the backbone of the enormous effort of USO camp shows is provided by several

thousand regular show business performers who receive little publicity for it.

Traditionally late risers, these overseas entertainers are up at five A.M. to hop a plane to some post maybe a thousand miles away. Two or three shows in the hospital that afternoon; then a round of the beds, shaking hands and passing banter with the boys. After chow, two evening performances with 20 minutes' rest between. A visit to the officers' club, with a few spontaneous numbers on the side; a stop at the non-coms' club and some more of the same. Then a gabfest with the GI's until one or two A.M., relating news of home, swapping wisecracks and answering the inevitable questions of "Do-you-know-Joe-Blank-in-Akron?" Then, at five A.M. another plane to another post and another day.

Such is the life of a Shack Trouper on a three-seven-twelve-month swing around the USO circuit, giving anywhere from four to eleven shows every day. Greenland or Panama; New Guinea or Alaska; Italy or China; North Africa or

Australia, not to mention a thousand camps in the U.S.A.

They travel by dog sled and PT boat; in amphibian jeeps and weapons carriers; in troop ships and bombers, some of them under attack en route. Stan Kavanaugh's unit (he's the 54-year-old juggler) landed in the Solomons during an air raid alert, was bombed twice while there and left during another raid. If an Air Transport plane is available, they help load it and then crawl in on top of the cargo. One comedian rode all the way down to the Caribbean sitting on a stack of grenades. The Wesson Brothers' troupe flew over a thousand miles draped atop a load of tires—singing and dishing out their patter on the way for the benefit of the plane crew.

Traveling on troop ships they perform all during the passage. And since only small ward-room space is to be had for a performance, that spells five or six shows a day so the entire contingent can attend one or two hundred at a time.

Five of these entertainers have been killed to date. More have been injured. Others have had their acts interrupted by enemy shrapnel bursts. Some have been knocked out of bed by bomb blasts or lost all their belongings by direct hits. They have had pythons crawl out from under their bunks. They have been eaten alive by mosquitoes, jounced black and blue over roads freshly hacked out of the jungles, hospitalized by dengue fever, malaria, dysentery, appendicitis—and they're back giving seven shows a day as soon as they can stand up unaided.

Sometimes a show will be in a

fairly practicable recreation hall at a fixed post. On the next they may have to use a table for a stage. Tomorrow they'll perform from the back of a truck for 10 thousand men on a landing field; next day for an audience of six guys at some forsaken AA post out in the bush. Johnny Barnes, tap dancer, did one show barefooted in ankle-deep mud. One unit in the Solomons played to an audience of whom 30 per cent kept their backs to the stage. They were manning machine guns, the Japs were that close!

Many a performance is given at 140° in the shade; many in torrential downpours. One of the hits of the South Pacific circuit is Dick Wesson's imitation of a lady taking a bath. This act has a special fitness when done at the height of a tropical cloudburst.

MAGICIANS and ventriloquists; jugglers and comedians; musicians and tap dancers and singers, male and female—they go everywhere. They were giving shows in Sicily three days after the surrender. Now they're following the invasion troops. Back in 1941 the first "Flying Showboat" covered 13 thousand miles around Caribbean bases in two weeks: recently Felix Knight and Ralph Thomas touched 200 Pacific Islands in 15 weeks. A 37-piece symphony orchestra led by Laszlo Halasz, gave 225 concerts in 28 weeks to 175 thousand men in domestic camps over a distance of 12 thousand miles—including requests for Bach, Grieg and Beethoven; and—most frequently asked for—*Rhapsody in Blue*.

Frank Conville spent a month touring North Atlantic bases, three

shows a day, returning home to play a run of 140 camps here. Then he jumped to Bermuda, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean for three months, followed by a swing through Curaçao, British and Dutch Guiana where he finally collapsed from heat exhaustion and wound up in the hospital. How would you like to be uproariously funny three to five times a day on that schedule? Or go on with your dance as Edith Delaney did after weeping over the grave of her soldier husband in Bizerte?

Why do they do it? Well, they do it as their contribution to the war, stimulated by General Pershing's famous comment: "Give me one thousand soldiers who are occasionally entertained rather than 10 thousand who never are." Once the performers get a taste of it—see how avid the men are for a breath from home and some amusement—then you can't stop them. One troupe was booked through Alaska for eight weeks—and didn't come home for nine months. Gypsy Markoff, accordionist, whose leg was broken in a plane crash, resumed her tour after leaving the hospital.

"We played in a base hospital in North Africa," one of them relates. "In one ward there were three GI's lying with their faces to the wall. We played to the backs of their heads and gave it all we had. For a while they were just three logs of wood. Presently one began to beat time to the music with his finger on the wall; then he gave a glance at us. Before we finished, all three had rolled over and were grinning and clapping. I nearly broke down and blubbered!"

To date some 180 troupes or

units, totaling more than 11 hundred performers, have played for the men overseas and off-shore for periods ranging from six weeks to a year. This does not include the "permanent circuit" in Hawaii which itself has put on over four thousand shows in 12 months.

At home around 113 units, aggregating nearly a thousand performers, have given more than 60 thousand shows in the past two years, augmented by many actors and actresses, playing big cities or on the road, who give their off days for performances at nearby camps. In March a new "Hospital Circuit" was organized in an effort to double the amount of entertainment in hospitals. Show people in New York, capital of the amusement world, are especially active in these "part-time" endeavors. "Part-time" is a feeble word to describe finishing a night club turn at four A.M.; stumbling out of bed at eight o'clock that morning to be rushed out to Mitchel Field or Fort Dix; giving a full show, then repeating it in the hospitals; then tearing back to the city again just in time for that evening's performance at the club.

Do the USO troupers get paid? Yes and no. Off-day or "between-show" appearances are free. With a traveling unit, if you are a headliner rating one thousand dollars a week or more, you volunteer your services and get 10 dollars a day expenses. Artists with lower recognized pay rate may get from one-tenth to one-third of normal salary.

Today the USO circuit is the biggest thing in the history of show business. In vaudeville's great days a 60-week run on the Keith-Albee circuit could be played without

repeating a stand. Now a tour can run 104 weeks on the GI circuit without a repeat. Financially, too, the USO project is colossal. The Camp Show division has a budget of around 10 million for all overhead and expenses. With that it books between 80 to 100 million dollars' worth of talent, including for free at least a half-million dollars' worth of movie stars a week. Consequently, if you are a USO contributor, you can rest assured that your money has bought the greatest entertainment bargain in history.

MANY OF these volunteer stars earn from 15 to 30 thousand dollars for personal appearances. The USO books them for nothing. Hundreds of artists with their names in the lights cheerfully forsake earnings of 500 to 1,500 dollars a week for the comparative pittance paid by camp shows. Time after time whole troupes waiting for transportation for their USO tour have to refuse interim bookings that would pay well. They have to be ready to start at the hour the transportation is assigned.

Some tours can take only all-male units, because of travel and living conditions, but the great majority welcome women. Requests for entertainers come from the Special Service Division of the Army merely as: "six people—six months—cold climate." Those who sign up for that tour know they'll need warm clothes and that's *all* they know.

Traveling by air the baggage allowance is 55 pounds. Not much for a six months' trip. Peggy Alexander, tap dancer, ordinarily car-

ries 20 pairs of shoes on tour, besides nearly 10 pounds of theatrical make-up. Add to this 25 pounds of crêpe paper for her baby act and it's a problem. It is a real problem, strictly limiting available acts to those which can travel light.

Only A-1 talent goes abroad. The only performer to send overseas is the kind who "can climb on the back of a truck, any time, anywhere, rain or shine, and turn on an act so good that the boys forget it's a truck." Quality of the performance is one reason why the shows are so tremendously welcome. Even the natives in far-off places are getting to be first-nighters. In New Guinea one troupe put on a special performance for the natives who had been extremely helpful to the commanding officer of that area. Highlight of the show was Arnold Furst, the magician. He held them spellbound—until he came to the old stand-by, pulling a live rabbit out of a hat. Biggest surprise was that none of the natives had ever seen a live rabbit.

Even more surprising is the fact that thousands of American soldiers had never seen a *live actor* before they saw these USO units in camp. This is so common that the troupes are frequently referred to as "living movies." Indeed, one mountain man, reading the advance notices for a show, asked if they were going to be "round or flat actors" that night!

But whatever their background, the audiences are overwhelmingly enthusiastic. The troupers see that at first hand; they hear it again from the thousands of letters that pour in to USO from buck privates to General Eisenhower. Mary Elli-

ott, who has played the most forsaken spots in Labrador and Greenland, writes:

"It breaks your heart to see them look at you as if you were a goddess—to have them come up and say something just to hear a woman's voice answer—and then crack, 'Now I'm good for another 18 months!'"

"I used to doubt if it were good to bring girls to boys who haven't seen a woman for two years: now I know better. I've seen the reaction of thousands and, without exception, it's good. We've been guarded like crown jewels, but it hasn't been necessary. Believe me, the girls at home have a great responsibility to live up to the high ideals these soldiers have built of them."

Little Ella Logan, the singer—who went to the European theatre for an eight-week trip which developed into a five-month tour—returned recently with another incident which sums up the whole story.

Playing for troops in a rest camp in Naples, she had finished her numbers and was making a little

speech expressing the hope that she had been able to bring them the spirit of their sweethearts, wives and mothers. At that juncture a big GI stalked down the aisle and stood in front of the stage, looking intently at her. He was dirty and dishevelled; his helmet and rifle were slung over his shoulder. Leaping up on the stage, without taking his piercing eyes off her, he said: "I've got something to say."

Ella was scared: she thought something she had said had offended him; she was sure of it when he started out with:

"I'll have to contradict you, Miss Logan. You don't look like anybody's sweetheart. You don't look like anybody's wife. And God knows you don't look like anybody's mother."

There was a long, stony pause during which she looked at the floor, wishing she could crawl under it. Then a hard hand under her chin gently tilted her face upward.

Bending over, he kissed her on the forehead. "To me you look like an angel," he said. And turning on his heel, he clumped out.

Scornets

❖ A POMPOUS OLD FELLOW made Sir Thomas Lipton a very inadequate offer for a valuable property. The next day he inquired, "Did you entertain my proposition?"

"No," laughed Sir Thomas, "it entertained me."

❖ NOTORIOUS FOR HIS "borrowings" from the classics, a writer of popular songs commented to Fritz Kreisler, "I have just signed a contract to write

four songs a week. It's simply too much. It takes something out of me."

"Not as much," countered the great violinist, "as it takes out of Tschai-kowsky, Schubert and Chopin."

❖ A WRITER OF trashy novels was complaining to William Dean Howells that he did not feel well. "I'm sick at my stomach," he wailed.

"Something you wrote, no doubt," opined Howells. —ADRIAN ANDERSON

"Whisker work" requires the talent of a Barrymore, for a ham performance can mean death for the actor-detective



Sleuths in Sheep's Clothing

by J. MURRAY DAVIS

PATRICK MORIARITY, one of the best safe-blowers in New York City's criminal history, once cached a package of dynamite in a public subway locker, planning to pick it up when he was ready to use it on his next job. A week later, when Moriarity went to get the dynamite—with one eye cocked for detectives—he was pleased to note that the only person in the vicinity of the locker was a denim-clad porter busily sweeping up. Moriarity was walking away with the dynamite when the porter placed him under arrest. The porter was Detective Thomas P. Mason of the Safe and Loft Squad.

Once again the art of disguise had helped trap a criminal. Almost every day in the year detectives of the New York Police Department, and sleuths in other city, state and federal peace-enforcement organizations resort to masquerade in the course of their official duties. They pose as derelicts, dope fiends, long-shoremen, taxi drivers, subway guards, bank tellers, grocery clerks, business executives, playboys and even, on rare occasions, as women.

Whisker work, as masquerading is sometimes called, has during the past 15 years produced an entirely new type of detective. The detective who is called upon to play a role during an investigation must possess histrionic ability in addition to the other qualifications of a capable sleuth. The roles are often dangerous, and death is the price for a ham performance.

Sherlock Holmes and other fictional detectives frequently wore false whiskers, dyed their skin and hair and resorted to other elaborate disguises. In real life, however, a detective would no more wear a false beard than he would his shield on his coat lapel.

Theatrical make-up can be easily detected at close range, no matter how skilfully applied—and masquerading sleuths are sometimes called upon to eat, sleep and live with suspects. So for disguise, the actor-detective relies principally upon deceptive attire and a careful simulation of the habits, speech and general behavior of the character he is playing.

A detective is chosen for a role

with as much care as an actor is chosen for a part in a play. A few years ago the success of a kidnaping investigation in New York turned on the ability of the police department to get a detective, dressed in the uniform of a telegraph messenger boy, inside a criminal's home. Obviously, a heavy middle-aged man couldn't have played the role. The detective who was finally chosen happened to be short, slight and extremely youthful-looking. His authenticity was never questioned by the criminal to whom he delivered a spurious telegram, and as a result the investigation was brought to a successful conclusion.

NOT LONG AGO Detectives Thomas Comack and Thomas Mason—the same Mason who had posed as a subway porter—were assigned to run down a gang of Harlem muggers who had committed more than 100 robberies and several murders. The pattern of each crime had been substantially the same. The muggers, traveling in an automobile, usually followed a delivery truck, robbed the driver when he left the truck, then made off with the vehicle.

Comack and Mason drove around Harlem in a fake delivery truck for several days, hoping they would attract the attention of the criminals. Finally they did. Two men in a car began to trail them. The truck came to a stop in a disreputable neighborhood. Mason got out first, leaving the driver alone, and hurried into a grocery store. By this time the car that had been trailing the truck had come to a stop. Its two occupants got out and

followed Detective Comack into a dark hallway.

Mason arrived on the scene just as the muggers were going to work on his fellow officer. When the fight was over Mason had been knifed severely but the two muggers were in custody and the detectives were in possession of clues that eventually resulted in breaking up the gang.

The late George Percy Gilbert, a New York headquarters man, was one of the best masqueraders in the history of the department. Gilbert, in fact, had been an actor before joining the force. He could play anything from a Bowery tough to a Park Avenue dilettante, on or off the stage. During Gilbert's heyday a group of terrorists, who were expert at making bombs and even more expert at setting them off, were giving Gotham the jitters. Headquarters learned that several suspected members of the gang hung out in an East Side loft building.

Gilbert, in the guise of an electrician, was sent to the building to gather evidence. The detective, apparently a guileless and carefree fellow who sang while he worked, made splendid progress at eavesdropping since the suspects soon ceased to pay any attention to him.

One day there appeared among the group a fierce-looking man whose word was law with the suspects. The new arrival immediately became suspicious of Gilbert and communicated his suspicions to the others. Gilbert was withdrawn.

Gilbert didn't learn until later that the fierce-looking man was Amelia Polgami, one of the cleverest actors in the headquarters stock company. Polgami had let his beard grow and Gilbert's face had

been smeared with grime, so that neither had recognized the other.

Gilbert had been assigned to tackle the probe from the outside while Polgami had been boring from within, starting his investigation in another part of the city and arriving at the East Side loft building only incidentally. Polgami's show of loyalty to the terrorists in becoming suspicious of all outsiders, including the other detective, so ingratiated him with the criminals that they confided the facts which later convicted them.

Lieutenant Raymond F. Maguire and Detective Joseph J. Reynolds not long ago did some good acting on Broadway, but not in the theatre. They were assigned to track down a gang of payroll bandits who were working the theatrical district. Realizing that loiterers are soon spotted by the Broadway sharpies, the sleuths had to find a way of circulating in the Times Square area without seeming to. Reynolds solved the problem by becoming a taxi cab driver. Maguire drove around with him as a passenger, sometimes looking like a theatrical magnate, sometimes like a gambler, and on occasion like a woman.

For several weeks the two detectives kept their eyes peeled for some sign of the bandits in action. During the wait, Reynolds ate in greasy spoons frequented by cabbies, got pushed around by other drivers and bawled out by cops.

One day two members of the gang pulled a job on the Gay White Way, got into a car and took it on the lam. Reynolds and Maguire, who was dressed as a lady, started in pursuit. During

the chase the bandit car jumped a red light. When the taxi did the same thing a police radio car started after it. The cops in the radio car didn't realize that the taxi was chasing bandits. Maguire tried to identify himself to the cops by holding his detective's shield up to the rear window of the cab, but the cops couldn't make out what it was. Then he lit a cigar. The police thought it peculiar that a lady should be smoking a cigar, but still they didn't catch on.

It was a question as to whether the cops would catch up with the cab before the cab caught up with the bandits. When the taxi overtook the bandits, everything eventually became clear to everybody.

Some of the country's cleverest confidence men have finally come a cropper by attempting to unload such articles of merchandise as the Empire State Building on detectives wearing high buttoned brown shoes and posing as country bumpkins. Slippery dope peddlers have found themselves in custody after transactions with men who simulated all of the habits of narcotic addicts. And, since the war, more than one spy has been tripped up by confiding in detectives who talked and acted like traitors.

Crackpots constantly wander into police departments, insisting they would make good detectives. One man, obviously in need of psychiatric treatment, called at New York police headquarters once and assured Inspector Joseph J. Donovan that he was a wizard at disguise. Inspector Donovan, not wishing to create a scene but desirous of seeing that the man received proper treatment, asked,

"Do you suppose you could act like a nut and get into the psychiatric ward at Bellevue Hospital?" The visitor beamed. "Sure," he said, "I can act just like a nut."

"Okay," said Donovan. "Get going."

The inspector tipped off the hospital and during the entire time that the disguise specialist was undergoing treatment, he was under the impression that he was working for the police department, keeping tab on another patient.

A reverse twist to the disguise business was afforded by the late Barney Flood, a privately wealthy and sartorially correct detective who operated for years out of New

York headquarters. Flood always carried a cane, affected spats and shone with costly jewelry, but was reluctant to appear at work in all his splendor for fear of being falsely accused of taking graft.

Each morning, before checking in with the nine o'clock whistle, Flood stopped at a friendly storekeeper's a block from headquarters and divested himself of spats, cane and gems. Then, when he left for his day's assignments, he dropped into the store again to repossess his effects. Barney Flood was thus perhaps the only honest detective who practiced the art of disguise exclusively for the benefit of his superior officers.

Sparks from the Gridiron

NOT LONG AGO, A FOOTBALL PLAYER with an enviable high school record arrived at one of the Big Ten universities. He was one of the best backs, but was aware of it and pretty quick-tempered to boot.

During a practice session at the start of the season, he took a varsity kick five yards back of his own goal line and dashed 105 yards through the entire first team for a touchdown. It was a miracle, as the varsity boasted some of the brightest stars in Midwestern collegiate football.

More chagrined than angry, the coach called both teams together and proceeded to give the scrub star a tongue lashing. He pointed out that the boy had run away from his interference, had zig-zagged more yards than necessary, had carried the ball in such a way that he could easily have dropped it—in short, the touchdown had been a fluke.

The hot-headed scrub was burning before the lecture was finished. The first free moment he snapped: "How was she for distance, coach?"

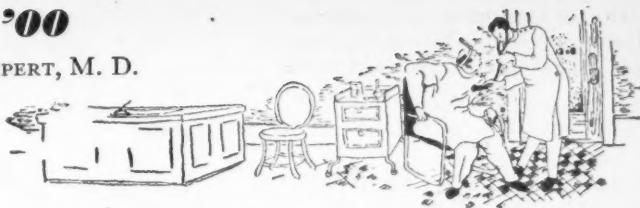
IT WAS DURING AN IMPORTANT Big Ten game some years ago. Francis "Pug" Lund, star halfback of the Minnesota Gophers, was playing his usual brilliant game. But the opposition was plenty stiff.

Pug had been stopped cold in his tracks so often that he had begun to think the entire opposing team was concentrating against him. After one particularly vicious play in which Pug was buried under a mound of men, the halfback wobbled to his knees, then to his feet. He shook the cobwebs out of his head and glared at the crowded grandstands. Turning to a teammate, he mumbled: "How the devil did all those people get back up there in such a hurry?"

—GEORGE SMEDALS

Class of '00

by MARTIN GUMPERT, M. D.



WHEN THE Class of 1900 of Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons held its annual dinner a few years ago, the meeting began as it had begun for 40 years—with the reading of the names of class members who had died during the year. President Harry Patterson's voice was solemn as he read off the list of seven dead.

When he had finished, Dr. Charles E. North jumped to his feet. "Mr. Chairman, it occurs to me that we are a group of medical men who are dying at an accelerated tempo. Shall we accept this or is there something we can do about it?"

The chairman seemed bewildered and embarrassed. "Is there anything you can suggest?"

Dr. North said there was. When he asked how many of those present had undergone physical examination during the year, no one raised a hand. Dr. North pointed out that as physicians, these men had access to the finest medical and scientific knowledge, yet they were behaving like their worst patients.

Thus was founded the Committee on Longevity of the Class of 1900. Dr. North, a bacteriologist, was elected chairman, and the committee was composed of well-known specialists.

The committee immediately conducted a complete medical examination of every member of the

class, and recommended treatment. No doctor was allowed to report on his own condition.

Startling discoveries were made. A leading gallstone specialist was suffering from gallstones without knowing it. Before their examinations, many doctors were ignoring their own nose and throat ailments and impairments of hearing and eyesight. Many of those who had believed they were suffering from coronary disease were mistaken.

The doctors had always accepted senescence as an inevitable evil, but they soon changed their tune. The work of the committee proved there was a lot they could do to lengthen their own lives.

The committee's research advanced with seven-league boots when its heart specialist defined a new disease called "adiophoria." Adiophoria is an old age deficiency evidenced by inertia and lack of interest. Its dangers were brought to the attention of the class and previously uncooperative doctors, recognizing symptoms in themselves, pitched into the fight.

In the first year of the committee's activity, six men died. In the second year, five; in the third, two. In the fourth year a single member was lost.

When the work started, the doctors' average life expectancy was about 10 more years; there is no question that it is now much higher.

After the incident in the schoolroom there was nothing clean in the boy's life, no games, no faith, no sunshine



The Naughty Note

by ROBERT FONTAINE

EDITORS' NOTE: *The following is an actual incident that occurred in a Canadian city. Only the names have been changed.*

EDWARD was looking outside the window of the schoolroom. "I am looking at the weather," he might have said if you asked him. There was a bird on the sill and he hopped around and looked in the window.

Edward thought it was funny that the bird was watching Miss Short writing on the blackboard and looking at papers on her desk and scolding boys and girls.

The bird seemed to be shaking his head as if he were puzzled. Edward chuckled and then stopped, remembering where he was.

He wondered if the bird had a father and mother and if the bird could tell them things because Edward was afraid and could not.

The wooden desks with the tops that went up were close enough together so you could pass notes. Since there was no joy and laughter in the world inside the school, you wrote notes about things from outside. You passed them to Bill John-

son or Esther McPhail or anyone who was close enough.


But Edward did not pass notes in school. The others did. Edward was a good boy in school and did his lessons well.

Freckles splattered over Edward's small face—a face screwed up with learning things so that he would not be a sissy and show them all he was as good as anybody . . . even Mr. Cone . . . and as strong and as smart. Some day, Edward thought, he would grow up and he would have a man's long suit and beat little boys with a strap like Mr. Cone did.

"Edward!" Miss Short called him from his determination. He jumped back from the future and looked up at Miss Short, his pale blue eyes misty with a faint fear, his heart pounding.

"Come here!" Miss Short spluttered. The saliva spurted from her false teeth, splattering over the lessons of the closest children.

Edward went up to Miss Short's desk, his face burning. He nervously put one hand in the pocket of his short, thin knee-pants.



"Take your hand out of your pocket," Miss Short shouted.

Edward was thinking he would like to get back at her some day, spraying him like that.

"Did you hear me?" Miss Short splashed.

"Yes, Ma'am." Edward took his small, trembling hand from his pocket. He rubbed the sharp curve of his face and thought: Some day I will shave like Daddy and I will look Miss Short in the eye and kill Mr. Cone with a poisoned arrow.

MISS SHORT took a folded, wrinkled, faded piece of lesson paper from her shriveled bosom. Edward wrinkled his nose at the smell of dead violets.

The teacher handed him the paper. His eyes met hers and her eyes were like little knives.

Edward read the paper. He read vague words which he had often heard other boys shouting. Edward did not know what they meant. He did not care. He knew they were words his mother had told him never to say.

"Did you write this note?" Miss Short demanded. "I am giving you a chance to tell the truth."

"No," he said. He said it as simply and easily as if his mother had asked him whether or not he had gone to the grocer's for bread.

"No," he repeated as if that were the end of it. He turned to go away. You said no to your mother and she believed you. She believed you because you would die if you lied to your mother. You would die and go to hell forever and ever. Besides, you did not lie to people anyway.

Miss Short grasped him roughly

by the blouse and pulled him back. Some of the children tittered.

"Silence!" Miss Short ordered.

She turned to Edward and rapped the side of his face sharply with the end of a pointer.

"Don't lie to me!" she squealed.

"I didn't write it," Edward replied, puzzled.

It seemed so simple to him. He didn't write it.

Miss Short rapped him on the side of the ear and it hurt.

"Bill Johnson says you wrote it!"

Miss Short cried triumphantly.

Bill stood up and said: "Yes, Ma'am. He writ it. Edward writ it."

"Wrote it."

"Wrote it," Bill corrected.

Writ it, wrote it . . . Edward's head swam and his face was on fire. His hair was hot wire burning in his head and the world trembled.

"I didn't write it," he repeated.

Miss Short took him to Mr. Cone. God, sitting behind a big desk. God needing a shave. God doesn't have to shave. God doesn't have to do anything. He watches to see the little sparrow fall, it meets his tender view. If God so loves the little things I know he loves me, too. If God sees the sparrow why doesn't he see Mr. Cone and the strap, and why doesn't he tell Mr. Cone I didn't write the note?

"It's about the dirty note," Miss Short said coyly. She took Edward by the ear and thrust him before the unshaven god, who spat calmly in an earthly cuspidor.

"You wrote that note!" Mr. Cone declared as if he were a judge in court. "Tell the truth! That's all we want. The truth!"

Edward shook his head. How can I tell the truth when I told the

truth already? What have I done? What has God done and what has Mama done? Who wrote the dirty note? Who wrote the dirty note . . . who wrote . . . the note . . .

It was a sick song spinning in his mind.

"You are coming in here every single day at this time and I am going to ask you about the dirty note until you tell the truth," Mr. Cone said.

Miss Short fairly beamed at the principal.

Every day Edward went in to Mr. Cone and said: "No, I did not write the note."

The world disappeared in those days. There was nothing in the world but Mr. Cone, the strap and the dirty note. The world was all transformed into crumpled sheets of paper smelling of dead violets.

The sun was dirty. The moon was dirty. The stars were dirty.

There was no shooting down his cardboard soldiers and laughing. There was no playing hide-and-seek out in front until the street light came on flickering time-for-bid . . . there was no thing that was clean and no place to live.

His mother said, after a few weeks of not living in the world: "You aren't eating anything any more. Are you ill? Are you worried? Is it something at school?

Tell mother." She put her warm arms around him, held him close.

"You can tell mother. She'll understand. You know that, don't you, Edward?"

Edward felt almost safe.

He told his mother the truth. He told her about the dirty note and Miss Short and Mr. Cone and how it was every day and how the world was every day.

He waited for assurance . . . for the complete, good, clean faith of his mother.

He waited to be born again into the world of laughing and eating and playing hide-and-seek.

He waited for his mother to carry him out of the world of dirt and dead violets, back into the world of sunshine and games.

His mother withdrew her arms from Edward. She smiled without warmth. She smiled in a new way.

"You just go and tell Mr. Cone the truth," his mother said quietly. "Tell him you wrote the note and that you're sorry. Then everything will be all right. It is always best to tell the truth."

The next day Edward told Mr. Cone he had written the dirty note and he was sorry and would not write any more dirty notes.

Everyone was happy after that and they all soon forgot about it.

Except Edward.

Child's Eye View

BORN DURING THE present administration, one member of the younger generation is obviously well rooted in it. He arrived at school on the morning of D-Day and excitedly greeted his teacher:

"You know what?" he exclaimed. "The invasion has started, and tonight the 'Presivelt' is going to talk over the radio!"

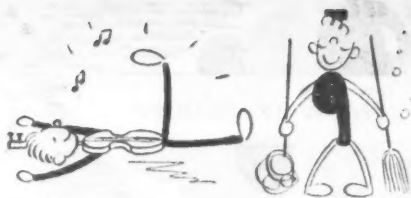
—MERLE ROCKEL

me Book Section:

CLICHE CORNER	136
IF AT FIRST . . .	137
TEAM! TEAM!	138
WHOSE ZOO	139
ANSWERS	140



Cliché Corner



THIS IS ABOUT clichés—commonplace expressions that have become so hackneyed, careful speakers and writers avoid them like the plague (cliché). We all use clichés at one time or another—probably because they're so familiar and flow so easily.

Here are 50 of them, but with a word or two missing from each. Count two points for each you can complete correctly. Between 60 and 70 is fair, between 70 and 80 is good and over 80 is very good.

Answers will be found on page 140.

1. cool as a *cucumber*
2. clear as a *Bell*
3. vanish into *thin air*
4. a slip of the *tongue*
5. clean as a *whistle*
6. old as the *seven hills*
7. left in the *lurch*
8. dollars to *Dona*
9. between the devil and the *Deep Blue Sea*
10. at the crook of a *finger*
11. limp as a *herring*
12. generous to a *fault*
13. when your ship *sinks*
14. at one *swoop*
15. storm in a *teapot*
16. the bat of an *eyelash*
17. damn with *oath*
18. beyond the *palms*
19. sackcloth and *ashes*
20. a bolt from the *blue*
21. rack and *Rue*
22. fit as a *piece*
23. baptism of *fire*
24. till Hell freezes *over*
25. mad as a *hatter*
26. hail fellow
27. the *soot* of the earth
28. blessing in *disguise*
29. at your beck and *call*
30. sick as a *dog*
31. happy as a *clay*
32. slow as *molasses*
33. cherchez la *Femme*
34. without *luck* or child
35. cool, calm and *collected*
36. it cost a pretty *penny*
37. far from the crowd
38. a flash in the *pan*
39. flotsam and
40. a fly in the *ointment*
41. a foregone *conclusion*
42. from time *immemorial*
43. chilled to the *bone*
44. the road to Hell is paved with *good deeds*
45. hide one's light under a
46. ill-gotten *goods*
47. make a mountain out of a *molehill*
48. pleased as *pier*
49. nipped in the *bud*
50. on the spur of the *moment*

If at First . . .



THESE ARE THE shoemakers who *didn't* stick to their last—but went on to success in another field. Your task is to guess their identities, as revealed by this list which combines their less well-known early professions with their more famous later careers. Counting two points for each, 40 to 60 is fair, 70 to 80 good, 80 or over, excellent. Answers on page 140.

1. Hooper—Columnist
2. Steamboat Pilot—Author
3. Cowboy—Humorist
4. Auto Racer—Aviation Executive
5. Elevator Operator—Movie Actress
6. Lawyer—Hindu Leader
7. Italian Aviator—Novelist
8. Juggler—Radio Wit
9. Financier — Park Bench Statesman
10. Shorthand Expert—Showman
11. Engineer—President
12. Burlesque Queen—Author
13. Printer—Ambassador to France
14. Marine—Prizefighter
15. Prizefighter—Marine
16. Violinist—Comedian
17. Emperor—Woodchopper
18. Elephant Boy—Movie Star
19. Painter—Dictator
20. Tailor—President
21. Fur Dealer—Financier
22. Russian Monk—Power-behind-the-Throne
23. Camel Driver—Islam Prophet
24. Pianist—Prime Minister
25. Radio Commentator—Government Official
26. Barber's Assistant — Movie Actress
27. Shepherd—King
28. Thief—Poet
29. Dancer—Peeress
30. Lens Polisher—Philosopher
31. Playwright—Congresswoman
32. Cabinet Member—Movie Czar
33. Bridge Expert—Peace Expert
34. Politician—Soft Drink Executive
35. Aviatrix—Cosmetician
36. Governor—Naval Officer
37. Shepherd—Egyptian Premier
38. Munitions Maker—Pacifist
39. Mathematician—Children's Author
40. Actor—Assassin
41. Tea Merchant—Yachtsman
42. Author—Spiritualist
43. Tentmaker—Poet
44. Playboy—British Admiral
45. Painter—Telegraph Inventor
46. Judge—Baseball Czar
47. General—Novelist
48. Russian Naval Officer—Composer
49. Polo Star—Aviator
50. Archduke of Austria—Emperor of Mexico

Team! Team!



NOW THAT THE football season is in full swing, can you identify these famous college and service football teams from their popular nicknames? From each group of three schools can you select the school which employs the nickname suggested? Correct answers count five points each. A score of 60 is fair, 75 is good and 90 or more is excellent.

Answers are on page 140.

1. *Badgers*
 - (a) Yale
 - (b) Wake Forest
 - (c) Wisconsin
2. *Green Wave*
 - (a) Tulane
 - (b) Sampson Naval
 - (c) Rice
3. *Trojans*
 - (a) Baylor
 - (b) So. California
 - (c) Muhlenberg
4. *Boilermakers*
 - (a) Louisiana State
 - (b) Missouri
 - (c) Purdue
5. *Huskies*
 - (a) Oregon
 - (b) Washington
 - (c) V. M. I.
6. *Mustangs*
 - (a) So. Methodist
 - (b) St. Mary's Pre-Flight
 - (c) Washington & Jefferson
7. *Tigers*
 - (a) Princeton
 - (b) Navy
 - (c) Great Lakes
8. *Buckeyes*
 - (a) Kansas State
 - (b) Stanford
 - (c) Ohio State
9. *Longhorns*
 - (a) Texas Tech
 - (b) Texas
 - (c) Texas College of Mines
10. *Wildcats*
 - (a) Oklahoma A & M
 - (b) Northwestern
 - (c) Amherst
11. *Tar Heels*
 - (a) No. Carolina
 - (b) Miami
 - (c) Bethany
12. *Wolverines*
 - (a) Fordham
 - (b) Buffalo
 - (c) Michigan
13. *Panthers*
 - (a) Chicago
 - (b) Pittsburgh
 - (c) De Pauw
14. *Mountaineers*
 - (a) West Virginia U.
 - (b) Idaho
 - (c) Creighton
15. *Sooners*
 - (a) Loyola
 - (b) Wesleyan
 - (c) Oklahoma
16. *Bruins*
 - (a) U. C. L. A.
 - (b) Drexel
 - (c) Williams

17. *Blue Devils*

- (a) Duke
- (b) Coast Guard
- (c) Mississippi

18. *Crimson*

- (a) Army
- (b) Clemson
- (c) Harvard

19. *Red Raiders*

- (a) Colgate
- (b) St. Francis
- (c) Camp Grant

20. *Fighting Irish*

- (a) Hamilton
- (b) John Carroll
- (c) Notre Dame

Whose Zoo



IN HIS EVERYDAY speech man uses the names of animals to express various shades of meaning, both kind and unkind. Each line which follows suggests the name of an animal or reptile—some wild, some domesticated. How many can you recognize? All of these are listed in the column at the right. Count five for each correct. A score of over 65 is quite good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 140.

1. A shrewd sly chap we give this name
2. One who takes the rap or blame,
3. A busy one whose hard work's legion
4. This schemer lurks in grassy region;
5. His tears flow free when little sad
6. His laughter can make men go mad.
7. One who wants the stocks to rise,
8. From sinking ships or friends he flies.
9. This means to tamper or tinker at
10. Slang for thug most deft with gat.
11. One toughly stubborn, hard to change,
12. A female with tongue of cutting range.
13. One who digs out cause or news
14. This name for heart so brave we choose.
15. One clumsy, thick-skinned, memory long
16. With his plain sense you're seldom wrong.
17. A lip adornment out of fashion.
18. A timid one not quick to passion.
19. It's in your throat when sore or raw.
20. Put on this the Joneses to awe.

mouse
cat
bull
horse
snake
ferret
fox
crocodile
rat
lion
beaver
gorilla
frog
goat
walrus
hyena
dog
mule
monkey
elephant

Answers . . .

"Cliché Corner"

- | | | | |
|------------------|------------------|---------------|---------------------|
| 1. cucumber | 13. comes in | 26. well met | 39. jetsam |
| 2. bell | 14. fell | 27. salt | 40. ointment |
| 3. thin air | 15. teacup | 28. disguise | 41. conclusion |
| 4. tongue | 16. eyelash | 29. and call | 42. immemorial |
| 5. whistle | 17. faint praise | 30. dog | 43. bone |
| 6. hills | 18. pale | 31. lark | 44. good intentions |
| 7. lurch | 19. ashes | 32. molasses | 45. bushel |
| 8. doughnuts | 20. blue | 33. femme | 46. gains |
| 9. deep blue sea | 21. ruin | 34. chick | 47. molehill |
| 10. finger | 22. fiddle | 35. collected | 48. punch |
| 11. rag | 23. fire | 36. penny | 49. bud |
| 12. fault | 24. over | 37. madding | 50. moment |
| | 25. hatter | 38. pan | |

"If at First . . ."

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Walter Winchell | 18. Sabu | 34. James A. Farley |
| 2. Mark Twain | 19. Adolf Hitler | 35. Jacqueline Cochran |
| 3. Will Rogers | 20. Andrew Johnson | 36. Harold E. Stassen |
| 4. Eddie Rickenbacker | 21. John Jacob Astor | 37. Joseph |
| 5. Dorothy Lamour | 22. Rasputin | 38. Alfred Nobel |
| 6. Gandhi | 23. Mohammed | 39. Lewis Carroll |
| 7. D'Annunzio | 24. Paderewski | 40. John Wilkes Booth |
| 8. Fred Allen | 25. Elmer Davis | 41. Sir Thomas Lipton |
| 9. Bernard Baruch | 26. Greta Garbo | 42. A. Conan Doyle |
| 10. Billy Rose | 27. David | 43. Omar Khayyam |
| 11. Herbert Hoover | 28. Francois Villon | 44. Lord Mountbatten |
| 12. Gypsy Rose Lee | 29. Adele Astaire | 45. Samuel F. B. Morse |
| 13. Benjamin Franklin | 30. Spinoza | 46. Kencsaw M. Landis |
| 14. Gene Tunney | 31. Clare Boothe Luce | 47. Lew Wallace |
| 15. Barney Ross | 32. Will Hays | 48. Rimski-Korsakov |
| 16. Jack Benny | 33. Ely Culbertson | 49. Tommy Hitchcock |
| 17. Kaiser Wilhelm | | 50. Maximilian |

"Team! Team!"

- | | | | | |
|--------|--------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. (c) | 5. (b) | 9. (b) | 13. (b) | 17. (a) |
| 2. (a) | 6. (a) | 10. (b) | 14. (a) | 18. (c) |
| 3. (b) | 7. (a) | 11. (a) | 15. (c) | 19. (a) |
| 4. (c) | 8. (c) | 12. (c) | 16. (a) | 20. (c) |

"Whose Zoo?"

- | | | | |
|--------------|-------------|--------------|------------|
| 1. fox | 6. hyena | 11. mule | 16. horse |
| 2. goat | 7. bull | 12. cat | 17. walrus |
| 3. beaver | 8. rat | 13. ferret | 18. mouse |
| 4. snake | 9. monkey | 14. lion | 19. frog |
| 5. crocodile | 10. gorilla | 15. elephant | 20. dog |

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NET

Special Feature:

untitled



by Norman Corwin

edit is hereby extended to the following for photographs used:
Untitled: W. H. Billings; Joe Clark; Harold Blackstone;
di Durr, A. F. Sazio from Gendreau; Francis G. Mayer.

Untitled

by NORMAN CORWIN

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION.

VOICE: With reference to Hank Peters:
he is dead.

That much is certain.

The fact of his death is common knowledge to himself and to the files of the War Department in Washington, D. C.

And has been duly reported in his hometown newspaper,

And has been taken into consideration by his relatives and friends.

Perhaps you knew Hank Peters.

Perhaps if you didn't know him you saw him somewhere and didn't know it was he. Quite possible:

Because at one time or other he rode on the coaches of the Santa Fe, the Union Pacific, the New York Central and the Nickel Plate;

He mingled with crowds in depots across the land, and at various times was among the audiences at widespread Orpheum and Loew theatres;

He strolled, on leave, down Broadway, Wilshire boulevard, Wabash avenue and the main streets of Killeen, Texas, Gulfport, Mississippi, and Des Moines, Iowa;

He frequently ate blueplates at scattered Childs restaurants; was known to have purchased sodas, razor blades and magazines at Liggett Drug Stores,

And before he was apprenticed to the war, he drove many a mile over many a state highway, also over secondary and dirt roads not represented on the Socony maps.

So, it is quite possible that at some time or other you may have passed him, seen him, talked to him.

Well, anyway, he's dead now.

MUSIC: IN AND BEHIND.

VOICE: A couple of the boys sorted out his belongings and put them in a canvas bag and sent them home.

There wasn't much to send:

SERGEANT: Wrist watch.

CORPORAL: Check.

SERGEANT: Shaving kit.

CORPORAL: Check.

SERGEANT: Wallet.

CORPORAL: Check.

SERGEANT: Fourteen American dollars.

CORPORAL: Fourteen bucks.

SERGEANT: 62 lira.

CORPORAL: What'll his family do with lira?

SERGEANT: Never mind. Put it down there. (PAUSE) Portable radio.

CORPORAL: Check.

SERGEANT: Deck of cards.

CORPORAL: Check.

SERGEANT: Pack of letters.

CORPORAL: Check.

SERGEANT: Four snapshots.

CORPORAL: Lemme see.

SERGEANT: Come on, come on.

(PAUSE). Marksman's medal.

CORPORAL: Right.

SERGEANT: That's all.

CORPORAL: Next.

VOICE: These things were sent home in a neat package.

But what could not be sent home were items unassorted and unrelated, which died within his head when he was hit:

Telephone numbers,

The taste of good, hot grub on a cold, rainy day,

The image of the evening plane caught in a skein of searchlights over the town, pulling the whole web with it across the sky,

The paralyzed newsboy on Maple and Elm who could barely hold coins in his hand while he counted change,

The shimmer and float of Summer, and the bright bare legs of a woman;

The posture of his dog, faking exhaustion, lying with his head down on the floor, but watching his every move;

Oh, a great many corny things and a few others, including the antique

smell of books in the public library;

The pinch of his favorite pipe after two hours of smoking;

And the moon going down over the shoulder of his girl Marion as they sat on the porch into the hours of the forming of dew.

These items of course cannot be reconstructed as he felt them, and neither can Hank Peters be reconstructed, at least in the form by which you may possibly have known him.

As for his life, there is no straightforward account available, but there are several people who could piece it together, although they cannot always be relied on to give you a true interpretation of the facts.

Let us start, then, with two men who saw him last and first; neither friends nor relatives, but professional men and thus unprejudiced this way or that:

MUSIC: TRANSITIONAL EFFECT—COMING OUT BEFORE:

MEDICAL OFFICER: I am a Medical Officer attached to the 6th Company, 22d Regiment, 10th Division. In this coffin, we have reason to believe, is the body of Hank Peters, Private First Class. I shall read you the contents of his death certificate: "Henry Charles Peters, 26, Identification Number 8406912, killed in action of the following injuries: Abdominal lacerations, lower left quadrant; fracture of the sternum; ruptured spleen; internal hemorrhages; severed right arm." That is all.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES SHARPLY—FADING DOWN BEHIND:

VOICE: Ah, but you have left out the important things:

He died also of a broken Hebrew And multiple abrasions of the skin of a Chinese.

And where in the report have you mentioned what happened in a

little Spanish town in 1938?

**MUSIC: AN ANGRY UPSURGE, WHICH
SUBSIDES QUICKLY AS THE NEXT
MAN SPEAKS:**

OBSTETRICIAN (Quietly): I am the doctor
who 26 years ago delivered Henry
Charles Peters. My file says
"Primapara; normal labor, of
about six hours, no complications;
anesthaesia, ether; weight, six
pounds, four ounces. It was a
simple birth."

**MUSIC: A QUIET, ALMOST RUSTIC
THEME IN THE STRINGS: IT FADES
SLOWLY AND IS OUT BY THE END
OF THE THIRD LINE OF:**

VOICE: Ah, but it was not a simple
birth,

His mother's womb having inward
connections with Scandinavia, and
the Springs and Winters of that
region,

The seed of his father being out of
the cross-fertilizations of restless
migratory peoples, and the silt
and backwash of a thousand con-
tinental waters:

And at his birth his pulse was 130
and his states were 48,

His respiration normal and his rights
equal,

And there were 56 teeth implicit in
his gums,

And 21 amendments in his Constitu-
tion.

And, although he was blind at birth,
and without a mind of his own,
He was nevertheless automatically a
citizen of his country,

Certain privileges having been ob-
tained in his name and under-
written by many men,

Among them some too famous to be
mentioned,

And others less famous who died in
battles too familiar to be here
recounted.

Do you call that a simple birth?

**MUSIC: A BRIEF, RATHER GAY PASSAGE
OF AN AMERICAN PATRIOTIC FLAV-
OR, BUT NOT TOO OBVIOUS. IT
FADES BEFORE:**

MOTHER: I am his Mother. His hair
was light when he was born . . .
but it turned dark later. He was a
bottle baby after three weeks.

When he was still in knee-pants he
got into a fight with some other
boys at the corner of our street,
and got cut with a piece of metal.
That's how he got the scar on his
chin.

He was a dreamer, Henry was, with
all kinds of ideas. It seems like he
was never one for the girls, hardly,
until he met Marion, whom he got
engaged to the day he got the
good job at McAndrew's Depart-
ment Store.

I remember how I was hoping he
wouldn't be drafted, but he went
and enlisted. And when he went
away to the war he said he knew
exactly why he was going, and
said he'd be back when the war
was over and not to worry. But
I worried.

Why did he have to get killed? Why
did it have to happen to my boy?

He kissed me good-bye on a Thurs-
day morning—it was August 20th,
1942—he had to get up very early
that morning—and I cried, and
the last I saw of him was when he
went out of the front door, and I
hurried into the front room and
watched him through the front
window, going down the street.

**MUSIC: A DARK PASSAGE: QUIET, POIG-
NANT, BACKS ENTIRELY THE FOL-
LOWING SPEECH:**

VOICE: Down the street a piece, there
was fighting, Mother,
And your boy got hit with a piece
of metal.

Who will come to the door and tell
her why?

It was a long street he started down,
Mother,

All the way on Maple and con-
tinuing on Piccadilly and the
Nevsky Prospect,

Winding down around the main drag
of Canberra,

And connecting with footpaths in the Solomons.

Many mothers and many widows on that street, Mother, And many a turning and a sudden intersection.

Where it leads to is, of course, the question of our time.

MUSIC: IT CONTINUES ALONE FOR A MOMENT.

TEACHER: I was his teacher: (MUSIC OUT) He was a fair student, nothing out of the ordinary. His average grade was B-minus overall, rating a C in English, A in history, D in geography and B in chemistry. Best mark was in history. He was in the lower third of his graduating class. That is all we have in the record.

MUSIC: A STATEMENT VERY CLOSE TO A FANFARE. IT DEVELOPS AND SUSTAINS UNDER:

VOICE: There is more to the record: Sir, he went beyond you in geography, learning that an ocean is a strait, a continent an isthmus:

Learning that the sky is the limit of the letting of blood;

Learning the lay of the darkest land.

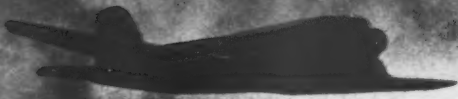
Sir, he has been graduated with honors,

And he shall have a good mark in history forever.

MUSIC: THE SPIRIT OF THE MUSIC WHICH PRECEDED THE TEACHER: BUT SEGUEING NOW TO A HOMELY, FOLK-QUALITY PASSAGE WHICH FADES UNDER:

MUSIC TEACHER: It was I who gave him music lessons. He started with the violin at the age of 12 and went as far as the third position. I'm sorry to say he wasn't a very good pupil. I understand his mother had a hard time making him practice. When he was about 15 he got a sudden passion to be a drummer and so he gave up the violin. I advised against him doing it but he was all caught up with traps and snares and paraphernalia and I suppose he had to have his fling. There's no accounting for the tastes of adolescents. But to get back to young Peters: when he was 19 or so, he got to appreciate good music and, in fact, the last time I talked with him was at a concert at the Memorial Building





in town. He was there with his girl, and we met at intermission and made a date to meet afterward, and Mr. Draper and I and Henry and Marion went to an ice cream parlor and we had a fine time talking about things in general, and I got to like him very much. I saw him a couple of times after that, at the movies, but I never again got to speak to him. I was really sorry to hear about him. I mean about what happened to him.

MUSIC: A POIGNANT AND ADOLESCENT PASSAGE; SOLO VIOLIN AGAINST SOMBRE WOODWINDS. IT IS PUNCTUATED BY SYMBOLIC TYMPANI AND DRUMS AS THE SPEECH MAY INDICATE.

VOICE: Who was it fiddled while Rome was burning the native huts of Abyssinia?

Very respectable gentlemen indeed, including old King Carol and his fiddlers three—

Paganini Baldwin, Joachim Blum, Sir Johnny One-Note,

And choirs of fiddlers, whole companies of fiddlers, nations of fiddlers, senatorial and parliamentarian.

All of whom may now sound A's for a dead soldier

And then go into a pavanne.

Call it None but the Purple Heart.

MUSIC: UP AND IN THE CLEAR FOR TEN OR FIFTEEN SECONDS. AT A DIMINUENDO THE VOICE RESUMES:

VOICE: Private First Class Peters was a good-enough music pupil soon to see relationships between the concert repertoire at home,

And how the boys were doing on the beachhead;

And good enough to recognize that whereas \$4.40 would buy two good seats to the municipal auditorium to hear the symphony

It was a hot and smoking 75 did the arguing for Mendelssohn and Gershwin and the deeply non-Aryan St. Louis Blues.

Among the heavy drums he sat and played the bazooka, played the sweet bazooka, played it sweet and low and ducked his head from time to time as chords crashed all about him;

And when the raid was over he would rise and pick his pack up and go on against the kettle-drums, against the snares and booby traps and paraphernalias of the well-rigged enemy.

And by such tactics, his and others of his band storming the Appian hill up as far as the third position,

The comfort of a box seat at the Met was being made secure,

And the undivided concentration of the music-lover in his home was being conveyed safely through the program on the radio.

MUSIC: THE SPIRIT OF THE PASSAGE WHICH PRECEDED THE TEACHER; BUT SEGUING NOW TO A SOFT AND TENDER MOOD, HOLDING BRIEFLY UNDER THE SPEECH OF THE YOUNG GIRL WHO NOW RISES.

GIRL: We'd been keeping company for three years before the war broke out, and I wanted to get married

right after Pearl Harbor, but he enlisted immediately and said he'd rather wait until after the war because he didn't want me tied down to him in case he might get crippled or blinded or something and be a burden to me.

We used to go to the movies once a week, depending on who was playing, or to a concert, and occasionally we went dancing at the Palladium on a Saturday night. We were both crazy about photography, and used to keep a picture album together, in which we pasted pictures of all the places we had been, and all the people who were important to us, like our families and the boy who first introduced us at a party. Hank became very serious toward the end, though, and he used to talk a great deal about the world and its problems.

When Hank went away, I felt sure he'd come back, and I still can't get used to the idea that he won't.

MUSIC: DEVELOPMENT OF THE THEME WHICH INTRODUCED THE GIRL, BUT IT ERASES QUICKLY FOR:

VOICE: While you were going to the movies once a week,

The Weimar Republic failed you.
While you were fumbling on a sofa,
A paperhanger laid waste your plans.
In your picture album,
Have you not left out the gallery
of Senators who voted down the
League of Nations?

And a group-shot of the Chinese of
Mukden—dead since 1931—

And a closeup of the greaseproud
face of Franco?

These people were important to you
also.

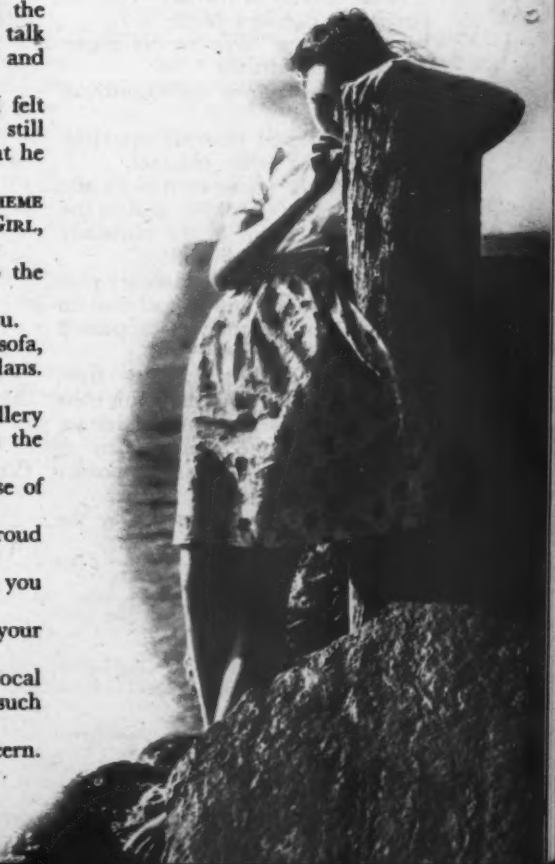
Tonight your arms lie empty of your
lover

Because it was assumed in local
legislative circles, after one such
war as this,

The world was none of our concern.

The empty pillow beside your own
Is stained with oil we sold the enemy.
Our foreign policy was set against
the occasional Saturday night at
the Palladium,
Or so it turned out when the scrap
reserve got high enough in Yoko-
hama.

EDITOR: I got a letter from him once,
practically telling me how to run
my newspaper. He demanded to
know why we took the stand we
did, in our editorials, about cer-
tain fundamental and constitu-
tional things. He accused us of
being anti-war and against the
United Nations simply because we



hammered away at bureaucracy in Washington and kept pointing out the dangers of trusting our allies too far. He indulged in the fruitless and misguided pastime of calling names and took occasion, in his letter, to label us fascists simply because we took a strong position against the excesses of labor and warned the public not to encourage racial equality among population groups for whom equal rights would obviously create problems that would upset the entire social structure. It was typical of letters we received from numerous victims of propaganda, and so naturally we did not print it.

VOICE: He was the type to trust an ally in all seasons of travail.

For in the Summer of the year,
When the star close by us shone
upon the midlands

And the grasses grew exuberantly on
the moors

The vari-colored currents sparkling
and curling in the channel;

He trusted the young men of an ally
up as far as 30,000 feet against the
finest squadrons of the obviously
unvanquished Luftwaffe;

And in the Spring of yet another year
When the dandelions in cool disdain
of the communiques appeared
among the corpses

And spice-carrying breezes from
neutral orchards to the south blew
softly over the ammunition dumps,
he trusted the young men of
another ally as far as the border
of Rumania and still farther.

He was also the type to enjoy the
excesses of labor

As they appeared in the shape of the
gun in his hands,

As they flew by the hundreds over
his head,

And as they rolled on tracks and
treads down the paths of most
resistance.

He was the type who insisted upon

the open candors of grade-label-
ling,

His nose contending fascists by any
other name smell just as bad.

He was an easy victim to the propa-
ganda that all men were equally
created

This being not especially a doctrine
short-waved from abroad, but
rather early American . . .

And on the day he died, Reconnaissance had told them that the foe lay straight ahead, but Pete knew very well some of the enemy was back at home—

Publishing daily and Sunday.

MUSIC: A STERN COMMENT, BRAZEN
AND HARSH. THE MUSIC CUTS OFF
FOR:

NAZI SOLDIER: I killed him. It was
early in the morning when we
shelled the road. I did not see
him, of course, because I was
miles away. I merely pulled the
drawstring which fired the 88
millimetre shell.

As far as I am concerned, it was
merely a puff of smoke on the side
of a hill.

I had nothing against this man personally. I was merely doing my duty for the Fuehrer and the Fatherland, in the struggle to save the world from the Bolshevik Democrats.

It was entirely an impersonal matter.
Heil Hitler!

MUSIC: A POMPOUS AND WAGNERIAN
STRAIN, GOING OUT QUICKLY
UNDER:

VOICE: When the last bomb has
crumped

And the tank is garaged

And the cruiser wheels about and
makes for port,

When the tape is scraped off the
windows in London

And the delicatessens of Copenhagen
once again break out in green
neon,

When the wives and children go
down to the station in Council

Bluffs,
Knowing that Victory comes in on
the 5:45,

Mrs. Peters will be sitting alone at
the front room window listening
to the bells and the whistles.

What will you be doing then, Blitz
Boy?

Where will you be going then,
Warmaker Extraordinary?

What impersonal matter will absorb
you on that day, Master of
Europe?

The mother of the smokepuff on the
hillside

Will finger a worn gold star,
Remembering the son you killed
merely in the name of the Mystic
of Munich.

MUSIC: A DEVELOPMENT OF THE
PREVIOUS CUE. IT FADES UNDER
THE SPEECH OF FERRITER.

FERRITER: I'm Charlie Ferriter. Me
and Hank was crawling on our
bellies up a slope one morning
and there was a stinking big red
flash, and when I looked around
again, Hank was just a mess of
rags and a couple of bones stickin'
through.

Me and Hank used to get into argu-
ments about the war.

He used to talk about Freedom and
he said that's what we were fight-
ing for.

Well, for Criney's sake I knew that,
he didn't have to tell me that,
anybody except a fascist louse
would agree it's the best thing in
the world you could fight for. But
what I'd like to know is, why do
you have to fight for it every 25

years? Can't somebody figure a
way around that?

What bothers me is whether I'm
being a sucker. Because if this war
don't add up to something big—
bigger than ever came out of any
other war—then I don't know
what I'm doing in this outfit.

I used to say to Hank, if the people
who are still alive when this one's
over—if those people don't do
something sensible about it, then
what the hell is the use? What's
the good of guys like Hank Peters
getting knocked off if nobody
knows what to do over their dead
bodies?

(ANGRILY) What are you going to do
about it?

MUSIC: A VERY ANGRY PASSAGE,
CUTTING OUT SUDDENLY AND
SHARPLY FOR:

VOICE (the same as we have been hearing):
I was Hank Peters.

I assure you I hated to go. It is not
easy to leave a woman crying at a
train-gate. It is not easy to leave a
mother standing at a window; to
walk away and not look back.

You can get lonesome no matter
what, when you are far from home,
especially if you don't know when
if ever you are coming back.

I am dead of the mistakes of old men,
And I lie fermenting in the wisdom
of the earth.

I am very dead, but no deader than
the British who struck at Alamein,

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ropa-
ually
trine
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naise-
e foe
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the Reds who crossed the Dneiper
going west.

I am silenced, but no more silent
than the Partisans of Yugoslavia
who fought tanks with their bare
hands and a bottle of benzine.

I am missing, but not farther than a
famined Greek.

I am buried, but no deeper than the
children of Chungking.

I know, I know,
How there will be the jubilation at
the end,

And how the proclamations will be
sent out on the waiting air.

They will gather in committee,

Pose for pictures,

Sign the papers.

Territories will be wrangled, and
big punishments performed.

It will be seen to that the ruins are
most carefully policed.

(Will someone give my best to
Marion the day that Palestine is
taken up?)

Ah, there will be a stirring and a
busyness about the capitals,

And Charlie Ferriter will wonder if
perhaps he's being answered.

The charters will be sealed in wax
above the bodies of the dead

And all the words will make a noise
of truth and sensibility.

But let me tell you: From my acre of
now undisputed ground, I will be
listening:

I will be tuned

To clauses in the contract where the
word democracy appears

And how the Freedoms are inflected
to a Negro's ear.

I shall listen for a phrase obliging
little peoples of the earth:

For Partisans and Jews and Puerto
Ricans,

Chinese farmers, miners of tin ores
beneath Bolivia;

I shall listen how the words go easy
into Russian,

And the idiom's translated to the
tongue of Spain.

I shall wait and I shall wait in a
long and long suspense

For the password that the Peace is
setting solidly.

On that day, please to let my mother
know

Why it had to happen to her boy.

MUSIC: CONCLUSION.

*One of the great creative spirits in radio
today is Norman Corwin's. His play Un-
titled—written, produced and directed by
him—is already a classic in the field of
radio writing. The complete text for Un-
titled, plus appropriate pictures interpolated
by Coronet, tells the simple, moving story
of Hank Peters, an American boy killed
in Italy, a boy who might be any American
son. The message of the play is as effective
when read as when heard, and therein may
lie one measure of Corwin's great talent.*





Fiction Feature:

Beyond the Shroud

by Dale Clark



Beyond the Shroud

by DALE CLARK

THE QUESTION I asked the Radar Brain was, "Where is Louise?" Louise is—that is she was—my wife. She disappeared nearly a year ago. Since the police were never able to find any trace of her, an answer was the last thing I expected from Bazelle—or, as he billed himself, the Radar Brain.

"Sweetheart," I'd said to Judy Train, "maybe I can collect that reward." Bazelle advertised a standing offer of one thousand dollars to anyone who could detect fraud in his Radar Brain act.

"He wouldn't have the chief of police and the district attorney on the stage," Judy had replied, "if there were any trickery to it."

Well, I knew there was a trick to it. I'd had a little experience along that line myself. Once I'd been a mindreader's stooge—Louise's stooge. Of course that was a long time ago, and ours had been just a county fair pitch. It was the year Louise left Nicholas the Great, and before we had worked up our own act.

I hadn't mentioned it to Judy.

Frankly, I didn't care to remind her I'd been trouping when she was in pigtails. I'm not as old as all this sounds, anyway, since I was only a stagestruck kid when Fate introduced me to Louise.

"Well," I'd said, "we can't lose, hon. We won't even have to buy tickets, because Fred Ramsey gave me a pair of press passes." I didn't tell her I'd made a little bet with Ramsey. If I'd admitted that, Judy would have thought I'd been drinking again.

So that's how we came to be in the Strand Theater on this particular night. And that's why, when the Radar Brain called for volunteers, I went onto the stage.

I'd shaved off my beard in these last months, and no one in the house could possibly have recognized me as "Roberto the Wizard," who used to wave a wand and change Louise into an angel at the Roman Roof and some of the other night clubs.

I blinked as if I'd never been on the bright side of footlights, and when the Brain asked my name, I

stood too far from the stage mike and had to repeat myself:

"Robert O'Brien."

It's my real name, and Chief of Police McNulty looked up when I said it. It was a puzzled look, somehow suggesting that he couldn't place me—but that at some time or other he'd heard the name.

No one else paid any attention. It was Bazelle, the Radar Brain, they'd paid their money to see.

What they got for their money was a tall man with a face like a white skull, from which shone two jet, blazing eyes. At close range I could tell that the effect resulted mostly from make-up.

Nicholas the Great had had that same Svengali stare, so that watching him professionally you'd imagine *his* eyes could X-ray your very soul. But offstage he was just a dumb chump who couldn't even see his wife was falling for another guy.

I had time to think of all this while Bazelle's assistant led me to a chair. She was a pretty girl, blonde and with lots of profile inside her trim black trunks and tight-laced scarlet bodice. And I had time to realize again that the main thing which had ailed my act and dragged me down to the level of the Roman Roof was my assistant. Louise had admitted to being 10 years up on me. I'd have had to break in a younger girl—someone like Judy—even if my wife hadn't disappeared.

But that's all by the way. Right then I was interested in the Radar Brain's layout. Backstage, he had a big, six-foot high blackboard, and close beside it, what we in the pro-

fession call a medium's cabinet.

The cabinet was a big box with an armchair in it. Chief McNulty and District Attorney Sampsell inspected the thing as if they expected to find a hole or a sliding panel. Then they blindfolded Bazelle and handcuffed him into the chair.

We were ready to begin.

The girl handed each volunteer a card and an envelope. "Write a short question of four or five words," she said, "so it can be copied on the blackboard for everyone to see."

It sounded reasonable, but it was control, too. It automatically threw out the questions we'd made up our minds to ask. I noticed the man next to me wrote, "How old am I?"

My question you already know.

"Now on the other side write the correct answer," the girl said.

The Radar Brain didn't read fortunes or the future. He claimed simply to discover telepathically what was in our minds. My neighbor wrote, "49." My answer was, "I don't know, do you?"

We sealed the cards in the envelopes, and the girl carried them across the stage to the judges' table. Of course, everyone watched for a sleight-of-hand switch — everyone except the Brain, who was blindfolded, and I, who watched him.

He *wanted* our eyes on the girl at this point. It gave him a chance to shift the position of his handcuffed wrists a little, and at the same time to lean farther back into his chair.

I felt certain there was an electrical contact point in the chair's arm—one that would pass for an

innocent nailhead if noticed at all. I was just as sure the back of his chair yielded enough to open a concealed switch.

Just then Sampsell walked to the blackboard with one of the envelopes. He didn't interest me. I watched the girl.

On the county fair circuit we'd have used a secret floor switch. I knew it wasn't that. It would have to be something like an electric eye device, and the girl would signal Bazelle in code by moving in front of it. She didn't even have to give him five words in full, since one of the five was certainly what, where, who, when or how in combination with is, was, will, and so on. Really, I thought, it was too obvious.

Sampsell wrote it out in a large scrawl: *Where is Louise?*

The Radar Brain had a deep, sepulchral voice. "I see a man in a brown suit—a slender, pale man. Robert O'Brien. It is your question, is it not?"

I hadn't made any sign, but of course the girl could tell from the way the others relaxed that none of them had written it.

"I can't get this," the Radar Brain said, straining against the handcuffs. "There's a hostile psychic interference. It's you, Mr. O'Brien. The thought in your mind isn't the question of the board at all."

He was making it look hard, and giving the girl a chance to flash him the code.

But then he came out with it.

"Mr. O'Brien is wondering whether the Radar Brain knows he's a murderer."

Does a man ever really believe

it when the heavens pour a bolt of lightning into him?

I couldn't.

There's an automobile accident, and just before the crash, you see the two cars are going to hit. There's the tiny fraction of a second while you're still alive and unhurt, and you know in the next breath you're going to be smashed, bleeding, crippled or even killed outright. You think, "Good Lord, this can't happen to me." But it does.

The district attorney dropped his chalk, and Chief McNulty came out of his chair with his face afire. I was a fool. I blew my top. I was on my feet, raving.

"That's a lie! I didn't kill her! I didn't!"

Hand the Brain this. He was a showman. Blindfolded and manacled in his chair, there was nothing he could do but raise his voice. But when he raised it I quit yelling. McNulty and Sampsell stopped in their tracks, and the crowd out there beyond the footlights shrank down like a nice lion under the trainer's whip.

"Lie?" he said. "The Radar Brain can't lie, O'Brien. It reads your thoughts, no more, no less. You asked, 'Where is Louise?'"

He took his time. He didn't have to hurry. And he wasn't a ham. He didn't overdo the effect now that he'd gotten what he wanted.

"It's the 3100 block on Lincoln Street, about a hundred feet from your front door. In the middle of the street there's a break in the pavement—a place where the concrete has been broken up and put down again. That's where you buried your wife, O'Brien."

McNulty yelled at the Strand's

stage doorman, "Where's a phone, Grandpa?"

There was a phone on the wall inside the stagedoor entrance. McNulty used it, and his doing so gave me a chance to step over to "Grandpa." How did I know I could trust him? I didn't, of course. Who can tell what goes on behind the eyes of a senile old man?

Young people are easy. You can tell a hepcat from a bookworm a block away. It's the same with the middle-aged. But after a certain age, they're just old. You think a park-bench bum and a retired bank president look different, but you're only seeing their clothes. And this stagedoor grandpa had on a blue uniform, so his clothes were meaningless. All his face said was that he'd long ago used up the ambitions and hopes a person has. At that, he was my only chance.

"Sss-st," I said. "If a Miss Train comes back here asking for me, give her this." I'd managed to scratch out a note: "Go home. Don't say anything about us."

I hoped he heard it straight, with McNulty roaring into the phone, and the excitement onstage where the Radar Brain stood telling his fans to get their money back at the box office.

WE RODE in a squad car. Other squad cars were ahead of us, and in the 3100 block on Lincoln a street department truck stood chugging into an air compressor. The place was clearly marked by its strip of new paving, about the size and shape of a grave. The truck crew already had a jackhammer biting into the new concrete, kicking up sparks whenever its chisel

struck some pebbles in the cement.

The hole deepened fast as shovels sank into the soil. They'd gone down about a yard when a workman said, "Oh-oh, here's something."

"Take it easy now," McNulty warned, and waved a squad car up to shine its spotlight into the excavation. And pretty soon after that, "Well, O'Brien, you tell us."

I leaned out over the fractured edge of concrete. I didn't have to look at the face—what there was left of it. I saw a red cloak and the tangled brunette hair, and that was enough for me.

"It's Louise, all right," I said, and backed away.

"Maybe you'd like to tell us how it happened?" Sampsell suggested in that quiet friendly way they have at such a time.

"Why don't you ask Bazelle?" I said. "He's the one who knew a body was here, not me."

"Psychic perception," the Radar Brain said. "You told me, O'Brien."

I looked around—at Sampsell, at McNulty, and behind them I saw Ramsey taking notes. "Does anyone believe that hooey?" I asked.

Bazelle was a showman. He had the timing and he had the sense to see I was the one he could take the play from. In an impersonal, detached and scientific-seeming way, he said that he couldn't explain his power, he could only demonstrate it. "For instance, now—"

He stared at me, and I gave him the stare back while I thought, "I didn't do it, damn you, I didn't kill her."

He said, "He tells me he didn't do it, he didn't kill her." He smiled

a thin smile. "O'Brien has the ability to concentrate on that idea. It's entirely possible for him to lie silently, telepathically. But there's bound to come the point where he stumbles, where he at least has to *think* the truth, under pressure."

"You want to come to headquarters," McNulty said, "and read his mind while we give him the works. Is that it?"

For my money, the Radar Brain was going to headquarters whether or no.

The Brain said, "No. Not a police station. That'd be psychologically wrong since the associations would only stiffen O'Brien's resistance. Headquarters imply prison, the death cell. We want just the opposite—a setting that reminds him of the past, stimulates memories of the murdered woman and arouses unconscious associations he can't possibly resist." He waved his hand. "O'Brien knows the place. He's thinking of it now—the Strand."

"By holy!" said Fred Ramsey.

McNulty turned on him. "What's into you?"

"Why, on the 21st of last September, O'Brien and his wife played a Community Chest benefit matinee there," Ramsey said. "I remember it because I press-agented the thing, and come to think of it, that's the last place Louise O'Brien was seen."

Sampsell looked at him. He got down on all fours and looked into the excavation. He stood up and brushed his knees. "The Strand suits me," he said.

It'd never struck me before how ghostly a darkened theatre can be. I was nervous, anyway. I had

reason to be. I didn't think they could pin a murder rap on me. There was a lot else, though.

But what made it really bad was the way they caught Judy still there and talking to the stagedoor grandpa. So they learned about the note.

Sampsell first and then McNulty studied it, after the doorman batted around backstage and got the footlights burning again.

"You didn't waste any time," McNulty said.

I had been thinking what I'd better say, and how much. I had to admit, of course, the matinee on the 21st.

"Afterward," I said, "I had to pack the equipment and get it to the Roman Roof for the regular night floorshow. So Louise went home alone, or that's what I thought. When she didn't show up for the night performance at the Roof, I got worried and I called the police right away.

"I didn't kill her," I went on, "or have any motive to. Actually, I haven't had a professional engagement since, simply because I haven't been able to put a qualified assistant into her place in the act."

McNulty asked, "Did you have her life insured?"

"Not for a nickel."

"Well," he asked, "what about the love angle?"

"It was a happy marriage," I told him, "if that's what you mean. It had lasted 25 years, and naturally it wasn't all a honeymoon. But no third party ever came between us."

"What about this Train kid?"

"She came later—after Louise. She's the new assistant I'm breaking into my act."

"Your act?" The Radar Brain

had retired upstage and into his medium's cabinet. It must have been the box which made his voice inhumanly tomb-like. "It was Louise's act, was it not? You're leaving out a lot, not telling half of what's running in your mind."

It must have been the effect of the footlights which painted the shadows all wrong on his skull's face and made him look like Rasputin and Frankenstein rolled into one.

"You're thinking of another name, O'Brien," the Brain said. "Nicholas. That's what comes through to me, and I get an impression of power, mystery, something big, great! Yes! That's it. Nicholas the Great!"

"What!" glared McNulty.

I couldn't deny Nicholas the Great. He was on record, if anyone looked up my record.

"He was Louise's first husband," I said. "She left him to marry me. But all that happened so long ago, I wasn't thinking of him."

My palms were sticky.

The Brain said, "Then it was *his* act in the first place, because you stole that along with his wife. You speak of breaking in this new girl, but I receive another impression behind it. It was Louise who broke you in. There's what you're holding back," and he turned to McNulty. "That's the motive he won't admit."

"Huh-h?"

"Why," said the Brain, "*she* made him Roberto the Wizard, but 25 years is a long time to stay grateful. She got old and fat, and he wanted to trade her in on a newer streamlined model like this Train girl."

What felt like a fly crawling down my cheek was a solitary

sweatdrop. "I hadn't even met Judy then."

"All right, you hadn't. It was someone else, some other gorgeous young thing." He leaned toward me. "O'Brien, I get a communication from you. In fact, I can hear your voice. '*You're through. You're an old hag, Louise. You're spoiled my act for the last time.*' Don't you remember telling her so, O'Brien?"

"No," I said. "No!"

I was scared, and I didn't make it sound good. Up to this point he'd only stitched together gossip and guesses. But this last was something he couldn't have got from anyone in the world, and it frightened me. It put me up against something I couldn't understand. And I couldn't guess how much more, and worse, was coming.

More and worse came quick. "He's lying, McNulty. That much happened, anyway, because I overheard it myself."

The chief spun toward the voice. "Ramsey!" he said. "How'd you get in here?"

Ramsey walked out of the wing shadows. He's one of those smart reporters, smart enough to make money on the side writing ad copy. There's nothing wrong with him except what he pours out of a bottle. He's a dog drunk, but he was sober now.

"I slipped the old guy at the door five dollars. You should be glad I did. I told you before, I handled publicity on that matinee benefit. That's how I happened to be in the theatre after the performance, and how I overheard O'Brien and his wife quarreling in their dressing room."

"It took you long enough to re-

member it," I said in cold fury.

"You had your dressing room door closed, O'Brien," Ramsey said. "I didn't see you. All I heard was the voice. But those were the exact words. You called her a hag."

"That was his motive, then," the Radar Brain declared. "Living in that block on Lincoln Street, of course he knew the water main was being mended almost at his door. The hole had been partly filled already. All he had to do was throw in a little more dirt on top of the body. The next day the city workmen finished the job and poured a concrete slab over the grave."

The one who laughed was Judy. "Ridiculous," she said. "Listen to me, everybody. Fred Ramsey's behind all this. He gave us passes to the show"—and she stopped, because she saw the look on my face.

I knew where all that led.

So did Sampsell. He'd known it all along. Judy's speaking out of turn merely brought it to a head.

Sampsell said, "Yes. Ramsey handles Mr. Bazelle's publicity. And he arranged to have McNulty and me on the stage tonight." He nodded his satisfaction. "It wasn't mindreading at all, merely a shrewd reporter doing a piece of slick detective work."

And now I knew what fear was. I hadn't been afraid of the Radar Brain in any such deadly way, since his patter wasn't legal evidence. But this theory of the district attorney's would hang a man.

He said to Ramsey, "You felt sure O'Brien had killed his wife. The only question was, what had he done with the body? Eventually the notion of a street excavation entered your head. You checked

the water department's records. You learned there'd been a main torn up almost at O'Brien's door on the exact day. If you found the body you had a scoop. But it all started from hearing O'Brien threaten his wife's life that afternoon."

There wasn't just the one drop of sweat on my face now.

"It's a lie," I said. "I didn't quarrel with her. It never happened outside of Ramsey's delirium tremens."

But of course he'd saved the best for the last. "You don't have to take my word for it," Ramsey said. "Right after that I saw the stagedoor guy come down the stairs, so he must've heard it all."

McNulty yelled, "Grandpa!" and then growled, "Somebody go bring Methuselah out here."

It wasn't necessary, the old man came shuffling into the footlight glare. "Coming," he mumbled.

McNulty's arm aimed. "That man, Pop. Ever see him before?"

Grandpa turned his eyes on me, and for a moment he looked stumped, but then he remembered. "Sure. He gave me a piece of paper for a girl—"

"Not tonight," McNulty said. "Last September. A year ago."

But apparently a year ago didn't mean a thing to the doorman. "Maybe, maybe not. There's so many faces. They come and go, and I forget."

"Here," the Radar Brain said, "let me handle this. It'll come back to him if you'll let him tell it in his own way." He walked from his cabinet toward the doorman. What he wanted now he couldn't get in his ordinary routine.

Quietly matter-of-fact, he said,

"O'Brien looked different a year ago, Pop. He called himself 'Roberto the Wizard,' and he wore a black beard then. He had a woman with him, a thick-set, brunette woman with lots of make-up."

"A woman in a glass jar," the old fellow said.

From the look on their faces, McNulty and Sampsell thought he was crazy. From the smile on his face, the Brain knew better.

"Quite correct," the Brain said. "There *was* a glass jar. It's coming back to you, old man."

The doorman's was the gentle, tired voice of second childhood.

"He threw a cloth over her," he said, "—a gold cloth. It must have cost a lot of money." He was just like a kid telling it. There was the same sort of breathless belief and wonder as he went on, describing how the magician waved his wand and the golden cloth dropped to the floor.

"You wouldn't believe your eyes," he said, "but under it was a tiny glass bowl, not any bigger than a goldfish bowl. The woman was in that. You see, he'd changed her into an angel not any taller than a man's thumb. She was alive. You could hold her in your hand. And that's what he did. He even talked to her, and she talked back. But then he opened his hand, and that was when she got away from him and went flying around the stage—and the man running after her, calling her to come back. He was weeping, and it was very sad, so sad you wanted to cry."

Sampsell's jaw dropped, Ramsey looked blank, and even the Radar Brain stood tongue-tied, listening to this. McNulty ran his fingers over

his face, looked around at the others and said, "Great Godfrey! He doesn't think that really happened, does he?"

The doorman looked around, too, but in a different way. A pleased sort of way. "Of course it really happened," he said. "Doesn't it happen every day? The magician had his wish. He changed the woman into an angel. But it wasn't an angel he wanted after all—it was the woman he'd lost. It was a trick, all right. The trick life plays on every one of us."

He'd quit talking like a child, or a man in his second childhood. "Don't you see, the woman stands for something else. She's a symbol. She's youth. And the magician is every man who ever wanted anything, and spent a lifetime getting it, and in the end would be glad to give it all up if he could only turn back the clock."

He picked out McNulty because the chief started to say something. "Well," he asked McNulty, "it's true, isn't it? I don't care who you are. You may be the chief of police, but I say you'd jump at the chance to trade in your gold badge and your gray hairs to be a 21-year-old rookie again. Eh?"

The chief stared at him and said, "Maybe you got something there, Grandpa." But then he snapped out of it. "What I want to know is, did you hear O'Brien quarreling with his wife after the show? Did you hear him call her an old hag?"

I didn't breathe until the answer came. "Why no, I didn't hear O'Brien say anything like that."

It's possible there's something to that mindreading stunt after all. And it's possible there's not. May-

be the Radar Brain caught a voice inflection. Or he had a hunch and jumped at it.

The Brain cried, "No, you didn't, because that was *your* voice Ramsey heard!" He swung from the doorman around to McNulty. "Here's where I made my mistake, I got the telepathic waves right enough, only I didn't know whose brain they came from. This act he's talking about here wasn't Roberto the Wizard's, it was Nicholas the Great's—and," he pivoted from McNulty to the stagedoor grandpa, "that's who *you* are!"

"No," I said, "he couldn't be!"

It's a funny thing. I'd never thought of Nicholas the Great except as a black-bearded man of 50. I simply hadn't realized that 25 years would of course have changed him too.

Then I said, "Maybe he is, at that."

The Brain said, "Certainly he is," and appealed to McNulty. "Don't you see? His wife ran out on him. She stole his act. I had the motive right. I was reading the killer's mind from the first."

"No," the old man said. "That isn't why I did it."

Just like that he said it.

Our stares swung to him, and

McNulty asked, "Why did you?"

"It wasn't for any of those reasons or I'd have done it long ago. I wouldn't have waited this long."

McNulty said again, "Why did you?"

The doorman shook his head. "It was at the end, when the magician wants to change the angel back into the beautiful woman. That afternoon someone in the balcony called down, '*Give her a break. Let her stay the way she is!*' And the whole house laughed. At the saddest part, they laughed."

He looked around at our faces. For just an instant, a dart-like flame came into his eyes.

"It served her right," he said. "That silly, wrinkled woman should have quit long ago. She deserved to be laughed at. But I, Nicholas the Great, think she deserved worse than that. I could forgive her leaving me. I could forgive her stealing my act. But then she made my illusion, my beautiful illusion, into a bad joke, and so I killed her."

In the stagedoor alley—because the police shooed us out at this point—Judy said, "What was he—crazy?"

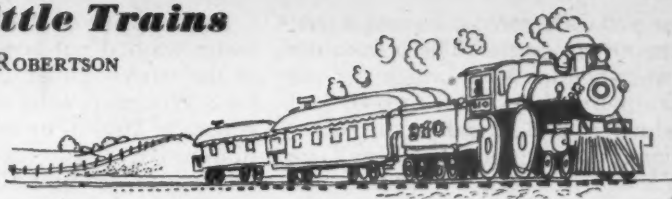
He was crazy, but an artist in his way. Or as we say in the business, he was a showman.

Coming Soon

This is the month of the National War Fund's annual drive, which makes it particularly timely for Coronet to announce its purchase of condensation rights to Bob Hope's best selling travelog *I Never Left Home*. As readers may know, Hope has turned over every cent of the royalties received on his book to the fund, including his share of the \$5,000.00 Coronet has paid for condensation rights. *I Never Left Home* will be the Coronet bookette for the January issue. Don't miss it! But meanwhile, why not follow the example set by Bob Hope—give now to the National War Fund.

Our Little Trains

by ARCHIE ROBERTSON



THOUGH MANY little jerkwater railroad lines have been cruelly torn up for scrap in the past few years, they remain a part of America's uncollected folklore. Perhaps only a third of some 400 surviving short lines still offer passenger service. But all states save three have some surviving dinkies. Arkansas, the state most famed in slow-train literature, still boasts nine, Texas has 14 and the top rank is held by the patriotic people of Georgia, with 19.

In their old age, these lines resort to all sorts of stratagems to survive; model T's cut down to run on the rails are not uncommon. They will do most anything to oblige. A Florida short line helped out the local farmers one year when the tomatoes ripened late, after the cannery had closed down. The trusty old steam engine pulled up on the cannery siding and preserved the crop very handily with steam from its boiler. Perhaps the most earnest effort to pay its way was made by the Rutland, Toluca & Northern, in Illinois. In one last effort to satisfy its creditors, a grand public wreck was advertised and a crowd gathered in a cornfield to watch engines 50 and 51 crash head-on at full speed.

On a spring day it brings a feeling of joy and relaxation to board the Blueberry Express at Concord, New Hampshire, as it puffs tranquilly on a siding with its lone

passenger-baggage coach trailing a string of boxcars.

After we get underway the conductor opens the door of the baggage-compartment and the men gather around the stove to smoke, watching the country rock by the open door, close and companionable; a woman hanging up the wash by a stone springhouse waves at the train, her mouth full of pins; the peep-peep of baby chicks traveling by express mingles with the creaking of the droopy wooden car. After the Suncook Valley cuts off its last boxcar of fertilizer at the Farmer's Exchange, the train turns itself around on a wye track and we jog along with just the engine in front of us, the heaving shoulders of the fireman plainly visible. "It seems almost like the first train," says the tourist across the aisle.

The signs and portents of the true Slow Train are hard to classify. It may be the lady who asks the conductor, as we follow a twisting creek, if she can have a fishing-line, or her little girl at whom the conductor stares long and hard; she certainly *looks* more than 12, but there is nothing he can do about it. Or in the smoking-compartment, as the local chuffs and shudders with stupendous effort as it climbs a grade, a fellow-passenger is almost sure to say, "First-class passengers, keep your seats; second-class passengers, get

out and walk; third-class passengers, get out and push." This is from the paper-bound work which all the train-butchers used to sell, and which is still found at an occasional way-station, *On a Slow Train Through Arkansas*, by Thomas W. Jackson. For the better part of a century, slow trains and the drummers who rode them were a fountainhead of national humor, which dried up only after the drummers took to the highroads and people began to smoke and tell dirty jokes in all parts of the train.

There is no telling how many slow train addicts there are, but their number must be fairly large. The fans collect everything—old trolley and train tickets, transfers, flagstuffs, tokens, expired passes, sections of old rail, timetables of deceased railroads, no-good bond and stock issues, oil cans, dining-car menus, blotters, paper currency which railroads issued in the old days, rulebooks, anything else which can be moved.

Our motives, to the layman, may perhaps seem obscure, but it should be made clear that the admirers of slow trains do not ride them, or write about them, to make fun of their obsolete equipment and generally old-fashioned ways. Any operating railroad is a living thing and not a curio. Its financial and personal roots go deep into local history and pride. The smaller the railroad, the more important it seems as an institution. Sentiment and dollars get all scrambled up in a most delightful way, and it is for the spiritual qualities they represent that many small trains are passionately defended when their abandonment is proposed.

In the spring of 1940, when high water washed out part of the line of the narrow-gauge East Tennessee & Western North Carolina, more generally known, on account of its diminutive whistle, as Tweetsie, I felt as if an old friend had suffered a mortal stroke. I used to teach school near Tweetsie's line and occasionally rode her to the movies at the county seat. For the people in the mountains she was a reminder of the days when men came seeking the timber on the hillsides and the wealth in the mines, before the first farm family from the Blue Ridge went begging for work in the orchards of California.

The owners petitioned to abandon, and the Interstate Commerce Commission held the usual public hearings, at Johnson City, Tenn. Afterwards I read with sad concern the transcript of the testimony. Tucked in the back was a protest which Annette Vance, of Minneapolis, N. C. (population 53) had sent to the ICC examiner in charge of the case. Not knowing quite what to do with it during the hearings—it was in verse form—he had placed it later in the official docket:

In Caroline how it did rain
It took from us a little train.
So long it seems since we heard her
blow

I wonder why it could thus be so.
Our Tweetsie whom we loved so dear,
Her coming and going we have ceased
to hear.

The waters rose and took her track,
We want our little Tweetsie back.
When she passed we stood amazed,
We admired her so, we stood and
gazed.

Our memory of her is clear and plain—
Please send us back our little train.



Pinto could never pinch hit as a pin-up glamour boy; but he can double for any sort of animal call in farmyard or jungle

Noisemaker DeLuxe

by JOHN REDDY

A HOMESICK DOUGHBOY in Italy scratches a note to the War Department, "I sure miss the roar of the old subway train in the Bronx. How about hearing it?"

Since it would be difficult and expensive to record the actual roar of the subway, the War Department does the next best thing and gets one Pinto Colvig, a skinny ex-circus clarinet player with murals tattooed decoratively over his freckled hide. Because Pinto can make practically any sound in the world, the whole thing is very simple to reproduce.

Pinto ambles up to a microphone in Hollywood, jiggles his Adam's apple and gives out with a deafening roar. The Army then short-waves the noise around the globe. The soldier in Italy is happy. He can't tell Pinto's imitation from a real subway. Probably a motor-man couldn't.

With Pinto, making noises is an art. However, he can create much more than just strange noises. He collaborated on the original lyrics of *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?*, created the voices of Pluto, Goofy

and other famed Walt Disney characters in cartoonland.

But Pinto would rather make noise than anything. The sound of his raucous voice has assailed your ears in any one of a hundred different disguises in radio, movies and animated cartoons. You may have heard him as Jack Benny's Maxwell, a human heart, Pluto the Pup, a mad elephant's trumpeting, Grumpy, the dwarf in *Snow White*, the hound in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* or the Practical Pig in *The Three Little Pigs*.

In the early days of radio the late Joe Penner had a broadcast calling for the menacing bellow of a wild bull. Since getting a bull into a radio studio poses several delicate problems, he sent for Pinto instead. When Pinto arrived Penner looked startled. Him, a bull? It couldn't be!

"What have you got," the comedian demanded somewhat skeptically, "in, say, an unruly three-year-old steer?"

"Texas or Argentine?" queried Pinto snappily.

After a long stretch of hard work

several years ago, Pinto suffered a nervous breakdown. When he woke up in a private sanitarium he saw a nurse hovering solicitously over him. Since Pinto couldn't remember who he was, the nurse asked, "What do you do for a living?"

The unnerved Pinto sat bolt upright and with glassy eyes, yelled: "Dammit! I spit for grasshoppers, grunt for pigs, belch for bugs and bark for dogs!" Whereupon, he gave one of Pluto the Pup's most mournful howls.

The nurse, alarmed, signaled an SOS. A couple of doctors marched in and gave the supposedly delirious man a shot in the arm to keep him from getting violent.

Despite the nurse's bewilderment, it is doubtful if anyone else could give a more succinct or accurate summary of Colvig's strange occupation than he gave her. But he might have elaborated somewhat. For in addition to making unusual sounds, Pinto is also a pretty good actor, gag-man, songwriter and the loudest E-flat clarinet "squealer" who ever gave out with *Thunder and Blazes* from atop a circus bandwagon.

Supplying pops, phffts, belches, put-puts, sneezes, groans and yelps has now practically crowded the rest of Pinto's manifold activities out of the picture, but it started as just a screwy sideline. These sounds are made mostly with his lips and the occasional assistance of a battered old slide trombone. He makes the actual sounds with his lips, breath and voice, but uses the trombone to give the sounds a metallic timbre when necessary.

Pinto picked up the trombone years ago in a dingy Los Angeles

pawnshop for two dollars. The other day he added up his check receipts and discovered that the venerable instrument has grossed him to date 22,200 dollars, sans a single note of music. Not a bad investment, he thinks, for two bucks. He keeps it in a leather case that cost him 28 dollars. In its handsome black case the instrument was stolen from a hotel lobby in Miami several years ago. Pinto was disconsolate. But two hours later the trombone was found on a pile of junk in a parking lot. The disillusioned thief apparently had opened the expensive case, taken one look at the dented trombone and thrown it away in disgust.

Despite its humble appearance, no less a personage than Leopold Stokowski once cringed before Pinto's trombone. The great conductor was being shown through the Disney studios by Walt Disney. Stokowski, a great Mickey Mouse fan, asked to see how the music and sound were put into the classical Silly Symphonies.

The maestro was perhaps a little puzzled when Pinto put in his appearance lugging a dented trombone in one hand and an old yellow clarinet in the other. But all became clear when Pinto gave a noisy rendition of Mickey Mouse taking off in an airplane and landing in a barnyard, winding up, of course, in a wild medley of farmyard animal noises.

After this performance Stokowski said politely: "Pardon me, but there is one thing that has been bothering me. That chain fastened to the trombone. I've never seen a trombone with a chain before."

"What's the idea of the chain?"

echoed Pinto. "Say, I almost swallowed one of these darned things one time and I'm not taking any more chances."

Pinto was born Vance DeBar Colvig in the little southern Oregon hamlet of Jacksonville, the youngest of five children of a prominent country judge. It was 1892, the era of William Jennings Bryan oratory and torchlight parades. In fact, parades were to be one of the chief influences in his life. By the time he was nine he was tootling an old yellow clarinet and marching energetically in the Jacksonville Silver Cornet band. A few years later, after Pinto had moved to the neighboring town of Medford, the circus came to town one day and when it departed he went along as a clarinetist in the band.

For years he toured the country with the Al G. Barnes Big Three-Ring Wild Animal Circus and another circus by the resounding name of The Great American and Roman Circus and Carnival Companies, Incorporated. Circus musicians in those days were pretty serious about their playing. But not Pinto. Where the other musicians "straightened it out"—circus talk for getting in the groove—Pinto delighted in playing with a loose-lipped, slurring technique, really the forerunner of what was to become known as jazz. He never became famous as a virtuoso but he won the name of the loudest E-flat clarinet "squealer" in circusdom. Looking back he says, "My music had the same effect on elephants that Frank Sinatra has on sweet young things."

The knowledge acquired in his years with the circus is what en-

ables Pinto to imitate the sound of almost any jungle animal as well as the animal itself. Hollywood discovered this when Pinto supplied the jungle sounds for a movie back in 1930. One scene called for an elephant to trumpet in rage. Fortunately for Pinto, the indignant pachyderm refused to utter a sound. They prodded the beast with hooks but he only blubbered sorrowfully. Finally, in despair, they summoned Pinto who already had a budding reputation for producing strange sounds on short notice.

Pinto had never tried to make a noise like an elephant trumpeting but he knew what it sounded like. He brought along his trombone and blew a blast.

"That'll never do!" exclaimed the director. "That's a trombone—not an elephant."

Pinto maintained stoutly that his trombone blast was an exact reproduction of an elephant's trumpet. Since the director had never heard an elephant even so much as sigh, the argument reached a stalemate.

Finally someone suggested they get the zookeeper and give him a blindfold test. The zookeeper closed his eyes and turned his back. The director signaled Pinto. He blew his very best blast with a flutter-tongue technique.

"Cripes!" yelled the zookeeper, jumping out of the way. "The elephants are stampedin'!" Pinto got the job.

Pinto fell into making sounds by accident after starting out in Hollywood as an actor in 1922. His first role was in Century comedies, filmed at Universal, featuring Jack Earle, the boy giant. Pinto played

the role of a mummy. At first he wondered how he got the part so easily but he quickly found out. No one else would take it. It took him two hours to put his makeup on and over three hours to take it off. And he practically had to give up breathing and such mundane matters while swathed in his cocoon-like make-up. About the time Pinto was wishing they would go ahead and bury him, a group of Englishmen discovered the tomb of King Tutenkhamon in Egypt. The world immediately became King Tut conscious. There were King Tut haircuts, King Tut frocks, a prize fighter named King Tut, and of course, King Tut movies.

Half the studios in Hollywood began a race to get out the first King Tut movie. But Universal Pictures had a head start. It had the comedy with Pinto as a mummy all ready to go, so they simply slapped on a new title, *King Tut's Return*, and released it.

As the original film King Tut, it looked for a time as though Pinto could make a career of playing mummies. However, he had found his mummy role too confining so he gave up acting in favor of breathing again and took a job as cartoonist at the Mack Sennett studio.

He'd been cartooning ever since the age of nine when he developed an immense admiration for the Jacksonville carriage painter, a cheerful old souse who, even while deep in his cups and with bleary eye and shaking hand, could stripe a buggy spoke with the unerring stroke of a Da Vinci. Spurred on by his unbounding admiration (he still says he's never seen anything like it) Pinto toiled at learning to

draw and before long was interspersing cartooning with his clarinet playing. When the circus would go into winter quarters Pinto would lay aside his clarinet and knock about the country as a tramp newspaperman and cartoonist.

In 1916 Pinto stopped in one place long enough to marry Margaret Slavin of Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Colvig says that there is one thing about being married to a man like Pinto: she never worries if she wakes up at night and hears a strange noise in the house.

Shortly after their marriage, Mrs. Colvig persuaded Pinto to go to San Francisco and start experimenting with a couple of other young artists on a new-fangled idea called animated cartoons. Such cartoons were still in the experimental stage and were used chiefly for advertising.

AFTER SEVERAL years of drawing animated cartoons, Pinto decided to pull up stakes and head for Hollywood. He started in Movietown as an actor but soon got back to cartooning for Sennett. Finally Sennett fired him in an argument over what a louse looked like.

Not long afterwards sound pictures hit Hollywood and that was all Pinto was waiting for. Since he was a cartoonist and could make more sounds than anyone else in town, he decided to combine the two and make sound cartoons. He quit everything else, dug up all the money he could and with Walter Lantz worked out one of the first animated cartoons in sound.

He worked six years for Disney and Disney won the Academy Award all six years. In 1943 he

moved over to Paramount and that studio grabbed the award for *Speaking of Animals*, a short in which Pinto did all of the male animal voices other than singing.

Despite his strange occupation, Pinto lives a quite normal family life. He is one up on Bing Crosby in Hollywood's son derby with five to his credit. Three of them are now in the service. His five sons are named Vance DeBar, Mason William, Byington Ford, Bourke Lyn-gae and Courtney X. When you ask him why he picked such sonorous names, he says: "Because they sound so much like a string of Pull-man cars goin' by."

Just recently Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had a scene calling for a tricky bit of trombone music so they sent for Pinto.

"What we want," they explained, "is your very best rendition of *Turkey in the Straw* on that so-called trombone."

"But why me," asked Pinto,

"when you have dozens of good trombonists cluttering up the lot?"

"That's just the trouble," explained Musical Director Scott Bradley, "They're good. This scene calls for a bear to pick up a trombone and start tooting it. We figure that you play about the way a bear would sound."

Pinto was blushing and acknowledging this tribute to his art when his face suddenly fell. "I just remembered," he said, "that I don't belong to the musician's union."

A pall of gloom settled over the room. Then Bradley yelled, "Just a minute. Since when are you a musician?"

So, in a forthcoming M-G-M picture, for the first time since he lifted it from its dusty moorings in a pawnshop window, Pinto's famous slide trombone will actually be used as a trombone, playing real music.

Or maybe it would be safer to say a reasonable facsimile.

One Minute of Your Time Will Help a Serviceman Find Lifetime Security!

A great many servicemen, upon their return to civilian life, will be able to make a good living by setting up a magazine agency of their own—an enterprise which takes very little money to start but offers complete business independence and lifetime financial security.

The publishers of Coronet have prepared a booklet giving detailed information on establishing and operating a magazine agency—to represent all leading publishers. If you know a serviceman or woman who might be interested in this information, *take just a minute . . .* write his name and address on a slip of paper and mail it to:

Jim Foster, Coronet Servicemen's Bureau
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

We will be glad to write him and send him the booklet. There is no obligation—either to you or to your serviceman friend.

August

Round Table Roundup

In overwhelming agreement with Milton Caniff, 77 per cent of our round table participants rallied to the defense of the comics. Most of these went along with the originator of "Terry" not only to renounce the idea that comic strips are harmful reading for children, but to assert that they are definitely beneficial.

"They fill a need for vicarious adventure," or "help a child learn to read," were two of the popular lines of reasoning. Yet it was the moral factor—the triumph of right over wrong — which carried the heaviest weight in the arguments for the comics. "While the general theme is often some form of aggression and the punishing con-

sequences," reads one letter, "the penalties are always justified. And the hero personifies all that is desirable in physical, mental and moral characteristics, giving the impressionable young reader something to 'shoot at.'"

A few took a neutral stand, tolerantly noting that following the comics is "merely a stage in child development," and is at the most merely "harmless entertainment."

Dissenters pointed a finger at the terrible events depicted in adventure strips and added heatedly that the comics "glamorized crime." But the large majority of the 23 per cent who disagreed with Mr. Caniff were most perturbed by the belief that comic strips are displacing good literature.

WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR AUGUST

For the best answer to "Are the Comics Harmful Reading for Children?" first prize of \$100 has been awarded to Edward Fandt of Newton, N. J.; second prize of \$50 to Lorraine Aust of Las Vegas, Nev.; third prize of \$25 to Harriet Gottlieb of Philadelphia, Pa.; and five prizes of \$5 each to Mary Barsack, Dearborn, Mich.; Catherine Clary, Los Angeles, Calif.; B. K. Basil, Amarillo, Texas; T/5 Jerome Brookman, Camp Reynolds, Pa.; Pvt. David Parnes, Ft. Lewis, Wash.

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